

# THE CRITIC,

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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

*Elements of Physiophilosophy.* By LORENZ OKEN, M.D. Professor of Natural History at the University of Zurich, &c. From the German by ALFRED TULK. London, 1847. Printed for the Ray Society.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We are not about to perplex our readers with the abstruse arguments of Dr. OKEN, but rather to give in language intelligible to the general reader an outline of the results of his philosophy.

He begins by asserting that philosophy, as embracing the *principles* of the universe or world, is only a logical conception; but it may lead us to a real one. Thus the mathematics are principles (or a philosophy) of which the universe is the reality. The world consists of two parts, one apparent, real, or material; the other, non-apparent, ideal, spiritual,—hence two divisions of philosophy into Pneumato and Physio philosophy.

The latter is the subject of this treatise.

Its object is to shew how, and in accordance with what laws, the material took its origin; to portray the first periods of the world's development from nothing—how the elements and heavenly bodies originated—in what method by self-evolution into higher and manifold forms they separated into minerals, became finally organic, and in man attained self-consciousness.

It is therefore, in fact, the History of Creation.

Man, being the crown of nature's development, must comprehend every thing that has preceded him. In a word, man must represent the whole world in miniature. Hence the laws of spirit are not different from the laws of nature,—both are transcripts of each other.

Physiophilosophy, therefore, is more important than Pneumatophilosophy, because nature preceded the human spirit.

And the whole of philosophy consists in the demonstration of the parallelism that exists between the activities of nature and of spirit.

But inasmuch as the spiritual existed before the real, and gave it birth, Physiophilosophy must commence from the spirit.

It is divided into three parts, the first, treating of spirit and its activities; the second, of the individual phenomena or things of the world; the third, of the continuous operation of spirit in the individual things.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a periodical, to follow Dr. OKEN through his extraordinary development of the science he has thus described. Every sentence is a link in the chain of argument, which could not be extracted so as to be intelligible, nor would it endure further condensation. It must suffice to state that he traces with wonderful perspicuity the evolutions of every form of being, organic and inorganic, in a regular series, from the simple element to the most complex shapes. The agent by which this is effected is galvanism, which Dr. OKEN terms "the principle of life," "the vital force." "The galvanic process," he says, "is one with the vital process." As explanatory of many of the phenomena which have perplexed philosophers, his argument is worth perusing.

He contends that organism is galvanism residing in a thoroughly homogeneous mass.

A galvanic pile, pounded into atoms, must become alive. In this manner nature brings forth organic bodies. The basis of electricity is the air; of magnetism, metal; of chemism (the name he gives to the influence that produces chemical combinations), salts. The basis of galvanism, in like manner, is the organic mass. Accordingly, whatever is organic is galvanic, whatever is galvanic is organic; whatever is alive is galvanic. Life, organism, galvanism are one. Life is the vital process; the vital process is an organic or galvanic process. Galvanism is the basis of all the processes of the organic world.

At the creation God created a mass of organisms of no larger size than an infusorial point. Whatever is larger has not been created but developed. "So," says OKEN, "the Bible teaches us. God did not make man out of nothing, but took an elemental body then existing, an earth-clod or carbon, moulded it into form, thus making use of water, and breathed into it life, namely, air, whereby galvanism or the vital process arose."

Organisation is produced by the co-operating influence of light and heat. The æther imparts the substance, the heat the form, the light the life.

The life of an organic body is a threefold action of the three terrestrial elements, in which three processes galvanism consists. The *nutrient* process is magnetic, present and entire in every part of the body, and wheresoever it is withdrawn there is death. It operates according to the laws of crystallisation. The *digestive* process acts according to the laws of chemism, which is not only the process of liquefaction, but the process of formation or creation of new organic matter.

The digestive process converts the inorganic to the organic mass. It is the formation of mucus. The chyle is strictly a mucus. Into mucus the air finally settles down by the process of oxydation, called the Respiratory Process. By this the juices emerge from their state of indifference, by which each point of the juice becomes polar towards every other: all are mutually attracted, all repelled, and thereby a decided circulation-motion is originated.

Every globule of sap or mucus is *per se* indifferent. It has, therefore, a natural affinity for each of the three elements comprehended in the organism. By respiration it is united with the element air, by digestion to the element water, by nutrition to the element earth. These three processes constitute the galvanic process. Thus the galvanic circle is complete, and motion is the manifestation of galvanism. The process of motion is synonymous with the galvanic process—this is the vital process.

The distinction between the organic and the inorganic is self-motion. The organic is destroyed so soon as motion disappears in it; the inorganic is destroyed so soon as motion enters it.

Such is the famous system of OKEN. Into its ingenious application to every branch of physiology and the wonderful order that grows of it, impressing the student with the conviction almost of a revelation, opening new views of nature, and sweeping away countless clouds and perplexities that hitherto had impeded his progress—we cannot venture. It would be too large for our space. It needs to be studied with profound attention, and it will reward the labour and thought it will demand.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this the most valuable contribution to natural history our age has received, and if the Ray Society had done no more than introduce it in

an English dress, it would deserve the support and co-operation of all who feel an interest in the progress of science.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Phillippsland, or the Country hitherto designated Port Phillip: its present Condition and Prospects, as a highly eligible Field for Emigration.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D. A.M. Senior Minister of the Presbyterian Church, and Member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, &c. London: Longman and Co.

*Cook'sland, in North-Eastern Australia, the future Cotton Field of Great Britain: its Characteristics and Capabilities for European Colonization. With a Disquisition on the Origin, Manners, and Customs of the Aborigines.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D. A.M. &c. London: Longman and Co.

Dr. LANG is indefatigable in his endeavours to recommend Moreton Bay and Port Phillip to the regards of emigrants. In the course of a very few months he has written the two volumes whose titles appear above: he announces a third. He has filled countless columns of provincial newspapers with his letters and speeches; and his prospectuses, setting forth the charms of his pets, have been circulated by the million. He is certainly in himself "a League."

But his zeal is marred by his intemperance; his appeals lose their force from the spirit of bigotry that pervades them. Dr. LANG evidently deems himself an apostle of Protestantism. He advocates emigration, not as a politician, an economist, or a philanthropist, but as a sectarian. It is not from a desire to benefit either mother country or colony, but from hatred of Popery, that he counsels a retreat in the other hemisphere to the generation doomed, as he insanely fears, to fall under the dominion of Rome. In his imagination the new colonies are to be patterns of Protestantism; not even a Puseyite is to be admitted: "the Beast and the image of the Beast," as he politely terms the creeds of the Catholics and the Anglicans, are to be denied a place in the land of promise whence to issue upon their diabolical mission of ensnaring and destroying souls. Poor Dr. LANG!—always in a fume, that often rises to a fury—full of mortal fears of imaginary dangers—finding or making enemies everywhere—rating unmercifully all with whom he comes in contact—strong in his hates—abusing authority in general, and colonial authorities in particular—detesting the military with a heartiness that shews itself in an amusing collection of deprecatory epithets—only next to them reviling the colonial clergy and the Established Church, he is the personification of a hot-headed, narrow-minded, vulgar bigot. But withal, so observant is he, and so large his experience, that, spite of these faults, his volumes are to be read with profit, for the abundance of information which his industry has gathered.

And it is as a storehouse of materials that it will be valued. There is a plan in the arrangement of the principal divisions, but there all order ends. The Doctor has no skill in methodising and condensing; he resorts too much to paste and scissors: half his pages are citations, and these are thrown together with little regard to relationship of theme. When he speaks in his own person, it is with a diffuseness that becomes tedious, and he never omits an opportunity of introducing topics foreign to his argument, as if for the purpose of promulgating certain views he entertains, religious and political, and volunteering opinions which nobody asks or needs, and merely would esteem as naught with such specimens before them of the writer's inability to command his temper or look at both sides of a question. A few extracts will prove both his merits and defects.

It was at the latter end of the year 1845 that he visited Moreton Bay, his account of which is very interesting. Among other sights was that of

## TURTLE-CATCHING.

"Turtle are very numerous in their proper sea—



son, particularly at Kaneipa, the southern extremity of the bay, where small coasting-vessels take in cedar for Sydney. An intelligent black native whom I met with on the Brisbane River, about the middle of December, when asked when the turtle would come to the bay, held up five fingers in reply, saying, 'that moon;' signifying that they would come about the middle of May. The greatest excitement prevails in *hunting* the turtle (for it can scarcely be called fishing), black natives being always of the party, and uniformly the principal performers. The deepest silence must prevail, and if the slightest noise is made by any European of the party, the natives, who assume the direction of affairs, frown the offender into silence. They are constantly looking all around them for the game, and their keen eye detects the turtle in the deep water, when invisible to Europeans. Suddenly, and without any intimation of any kind, one of them leaps over the gunwale of the boat, and dives down in the deep water between the oars, and perhaps, after an interval of three minutes, reappears on the surface with a large turtle. As soon as he appears with his prey, three or four other black fellows leap overboard to his assistance, and the helpless creature is immediately transferred into the boat. A black fellow has in this way not unfrequently brought up a turtle weighing five hundred-weight. Great personal courage, as well as great agility, is required in this hazardous employment, the black fellows being frequently wounded by the powerful stroke of the animal's flippers. Large crabs, frequently of three pounds weight, are plentiful in the bay. They are of a flatter form than the European species, and have an additional forceps. Shrimps are also found in great numbers. But the fish, or rather sea-monster, peculiar to Moreton Bay, and the east coast to the northward, is a species of sea-cow or manatee, called by the black natives *yungan*. It frequently weighs from twelve to fourteen hundred weight, and the skeleton of one of them that was lately forwarded to Europe measured eleven feet in length. The *yungan* has a very thick skin, like that of the hog with the hair off. It resembles bacon in appearance very much (for I happened to see a fitch of it myself in the hands of a black native, although I did not taste it, which I rather regretted afterwards), and while some parts of the flesh taste like beef, other parts of it are more like pork. The natives are immoderately fond of it; it is their greatest delicacy; and when a *yungan* is caught on the coast, there is a general invitation sent to the neighbouring tribes to come and eat. The man who first spears the *yungan* is entitled to perform the ceremony of cutting him up, which is esteemed an office of honour; and the party, whatever be their number, never leave the carcass till it is all gone, eating and disgorging successively till the whole is consumed."

The natives exhibited some unique tastes in the way of food, as thus:—

#### DELICACIES.

"In the meantime, one of the other black fellows took the snake, and placing it on the branch of a tree, and striking it on the back of the head repeatedly with a piece of wood, threw it into the fire. The animal was not quite dead, for it wriggled for a minute or two in the fire, and then became very stiff and swollen, apparently from the expansion of the gases imprisoned in its body. The black fellow then drew it out of the fire, and with a knife cut through the skin longitudinally on both sides of the animal, from the head to the tail. He then coiled it up as a sailor does a rope, and laid it again upon the fire, turning it over again and again with a stick till he thought it sufficiently done on all sides, and superintending the process of cooking with all the interest imaginable. When he thought it sufficiently roasted, he thrust a stick into the coil, and laid it on the grass to cool; and when cool enough to admit of handling, he took it up again, wrung off its head and tail, which he threw away, and then broke the rest of the animal by the joints of the vertebrae into several pieces, one of which he threw to the other black fellow, and another he began eating himself with much apparent relish. Neither Mr. Wade nor myself having ever previously had

the good fortune to witness the dressing of a snake for dinner by the black natives, we were much interested with the whole operation; and as the steam from the roasting snake was by no means unsavoury, and the flesh delicately white, we were each induced to try a bit of it. It was not unpalatable by any means, although rather fibrous and stringy, like ling-fish. Mr. Wade observed, that it reminded him of the taste of eels; but as there was a strong prejudice against the use of eels as an article of food in the west of Scotland in my boyhood, I had never tasted an eel, and was therefore unable to testify to the correctness of this observation. There was doubtless an equally strong prejudice to get over in the case of a snake, and for an hour or two after I had partaken of it, my stomach was ever and anon on the point of insurrection at the very idea of the thing; but thinking it unmanly to yield to such a feeling, I managed to keep it down. We had scarcely finished the snake when Tomboorowa and little Sydney returned again. They had been more successful this time, having shot two wallabies or brush kangaroos and another carpet-snake of six feet in length. A bundle of rotten branches was instantly gathered and thrown upon the expiring embers of our former fire, and both the wallabies and the snake were thrown into the flame. One of the wallabies had been a female, and as it lay dead on the grass, a young one, four or five inches long, crept out of its pouch. I took up the little creature, and, presenting it to the pouch, it crept in again. Having turned round, however, for a minute or two, Gnumnumbah had taken it up and thrown it alive into the fire; for, when I happened to look towards the fire, I saw it in the flames in the agony of death. In a minute or two, the young wallaby being sufficiently done, Gnumnumbah drew it out of the fire with a stick, and eat its hind quarters without further preparation, throwing the rest of it away. It is the etiquette among the black natives for the person who takes the game to conduct the cooking of it. As soon, therefore, as the skins of the wallabies had become stiff and distended from expansion of the gases in the cavity of their bodies, Tomboorowa and Sydney each pulled out one of them from the fire, and scraping off the singed hair roughly with the hand, cut up the belly and pulled out the entrails. They then cleaned out the entrails, not very carefully by any means, rubbing them roughly on the grass or on the bushes, and then threw them again upon the fire. When they considered them sufficiently done, the two eat them, a considerable quantity of their original contents remaining to serve as a sort of condiment or sauce. The tails and lower limbs of the two wallabies, when the latter were supposed to be done enough, were twisted off and eaten by the other two natives (from one of whom I got one of the vertebrae of the tail and found it delicious); the rest of the carcasses, with the large snake, being packed up in a number of the *Sydney Herald* to serve as a mess for the whole camp at Brisbane. The black fellows were evidently quite delighted with the excursion; and on our return to the settlement, they asked Mr. Wade if he was not going again tomorrow."

As the Doctor has great experience in the matter of emigration, not unacceptable to many will be these

#### HINTS TO EMIGRANTS.

"There are two classes of persons in the mother-country for whom, it appears to me, emigration to Cooksland would be likely to prove highly eligible; the first is that of persons of moderate capital, able to purchase a sufficient extent of land for a cultivation-farm, and to effect a settlement upon it—erecting a bush-house—clearing, fencing, breaking up, and cropping a moderate breadth of ground for a garden and orchard and for agriculture—purchasing a team of bullocks, a few milch cows and a riding horse—hiring one or two farm-servants, if the emigrant's own family should not afford a sufficient amount of labour for all purposes, and providing subsistence for the whole establishment for a twelvemonth. The settler of this class would purchase either 80, 160, 320, or 640 acres,—that is, either the eighth part of a section, a quarter sec-

tion, half-a-section, or a whole section or square mile, of land, according to his means. This, at the present minimum price, would cost a pound an acre—a price which I have no hesitation in stating my belief and conviction the land is well worth to any industrious family. A large proportion of the alluvial land in the territory of Cooksland (especially on the Richmond and Clarence Rivers, on the Logan River, at Limestone and Normanby Plains, on the Brisbane, and on the Darling Downs) is naturally clear of timber, and consequently requires no outlay whatever previous to fencing and breaking-up for cropping.

"It is not advisable, even for a respectable family, possessed of considerable means, to expend much money in the first instance in the erection of a house on their Australian farm. The best situation for a dwelling-house, even on a small farm, if at all wooded, is not always selected in the first instance, and the time and money requisite for the erection of a permanent residence may be much better expended otherwise. A slab-house, with or without deal-floors and glass windows, and covered with bark, costing from 10*l.* to 50*l.* according to its size and conveniences, will afford a sufficiently comfortable accommodation for any family for a few years in so mild a climate as that of Cooksland; and if the proprietor be a man of taste, selecting a proper site for his cottage on a gentle rising ground in full view of the river, festooning the rustic columns of his verandah with the vine, or with any of the beautiful flowering parasitical plants of the country, and disposing orange-trees, fig-trees, olives, and pomegranates, interspersed with patches of bamboos, bananas, and pine-apples, in ornamental groups in front, even Calypso and her nymphs would not disdain to rent the cottage for summer-quarters, if they happened to land in Australia."

In one of his excursions he was introduced to a family, from whom he gathered this interesting anecdote of

#### INDUSTRY REWARDED.

"But the finest scenery I beheld in either locality was the moral scenery I had the pleasure of beholding on the well-cultivated farm of a humble fellow countryman of my own at Brighton; of whose colonial history I beg to present the following sketch to the intelligent reader, as an antidote to some at least of the *Impressions of Australia Felix*, by Mr. Richard Howitt. Mr. John M'Millan is a native of Skipness, and his wife of Tarbet, in the Western Highlands of Scotland. Having an increasing family, and no means of providing for their subsistence in either of these localities, he had crossed over to the Lowlands, and became, like many other Highlanders in the large towns of Scotland, a porter on the streets of my native town of Greenock. In this precarious situation he had been for six years, supporting his family with great difficulty, when he obtained a free passage by the *David Clarke*, one of the Government Bounty Emigrant ships, for himself and family to Port Phillip, in the year 1840. On his arrival in Melbourne, he had only from five to ten shillings in the world, and this small sum he had earned by some petty service rendered on board ship to one of the cabin passengers: but he had nine sons and a daughter, of whom the eldest was about twenty years of age, and the youngest in infancy. Labour was high-priced at the time, as everything else was; and, having no mechanical employment, he hired himself as a stonemason's labourer at 2*l.* a week. Those of his sons who were fit for service of any kind were also hired at different rates of wages to different employers. The earnings of the family appear to have been all placed in a common purse; and with their first savings a milch cow was purchased at 12*l.*; another and another being added successively thereafter at a somewhat similar rate. Pasture for these cattle, on the waste land quite close to the town, cost nothing; and there were always children enough, otherwise unemployed, to tend them; while the active and industrious wife and mother lent her valuable services to the common stock by forming a dairy. In this way, from the natural increase of the cattle, and from successive purchases, the herd had increased so amazingly,

that in the month of February 1846 it amounted to four hundred head; and as this was much too large a herd to be grazed any longer on the waste land near Melbourne, a squatting-station had been sought for and obtained by some of the young men on the Murray River, about two hundred miles distant."

Another noteworthy character was

#### A SAILOR SETTLER.

"Captain Griffin's house was of the same primitive character as those of squatters generally; consisting of rough slabs fixed in sleepers below, and in a grooved wall-plate above, and roofed with large sheets of bark, supported by rough saplings for rafters. Mahogany tables, chairs, sideboards, &c. and the other moveables of a respectable family in a town, appeared rather incongruous articles in such an extempore structure; but they gave promise, at least, of a better house, which I was told it was intended to erect as soon as the more important out-door operations of the establishment should afford the requisite leisure for the purpose, the present house being intended eventually for the barn. I was amused at the ingenious nautical expedient that had been had recourse to for an additional apartment. The carpet which the family had had in use in their dining-room in Sydney was "triced up," to use the nautical phrase, during the day, to the wall-plate of the slab-house; but on the usual signal of "Let go the halyards," being given at the proper hour for retirement at night, the carpet descended like the curtain of a theatre, and not only formed a partition between the sitting-room and a commodious bedroom, but stretching, as it did, along the whole extent of the slab-wall of the latter, served to exclude the cold night wind which would otherwise have found a thousand entrances by the interstices between the slabs. These, indeed, were so numerous as to render the formality of a window quite unnecessary, and a work of supererogation. As being the greatest stranger on the occasion, the use of this bedroom, in which I found a colonial cedar post-bed, with the usual furniture of a respectable bedroom in a town, was, in the absence of the lady of the house, assigned to me, my fellow-traveller being accommodated with a stretcher in a detached building along with Captain G.'s sons. On the whole, I was much gratified with my visit to this recently-formed squatting-station so far to the northward; as it shewed how very comfortably a respectable family could be settled in the bush, with comparatively moderate means and exertion, in Australia, with all their flocks and herds around them, like the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob of old."

Cannibalism prevails among the natives. But the Doctor was assured by a convict who had lived for a time with them that it is a religious rite, and not a triumph over enemies, and that they devour equally friends and foes. This was his informant's minute and very curious account of

#### A CANNIBAL FEAST.

"Davies has seen as many as ten or twelve dead bodies brought off by one of the parties engaged, after such a fight as Finnegan describes, all of which were skinned, roasted, and eaten by the survivors. And when I observed that so large a quantity of human flesh could not surely be consumed at once, he replied, that there were so many always assembled on such occasions that the bodies of the dead were cut up and eaten in a twinkling, there being scarcely a morsel for each. When the dead body of a person who has either fallen in battle or has died a natural death is to be subjected to this horrid process, it is stretched out on its back, and a fire lighted on each side of it. Firebrands are then passed carefully over the whole body, till its entire surface is thoroughly scorched. The cuticle, consisting of the epidermis or scarfskin, and the reticulum mucosum, or mucous membrane of Malpighi, in which the colouring matter of the skin is contained, is then peeled off, sometimes with pointed sticks, sometimes with muscle-shells, and sometimes even with the finger-nails, and then placed in a basket or dilly to be preserved. And as the cutis vera, or true skin, is in all varieties of the human family perfectly white, the corpse then appears of

that colour all over; and I have no doubt whatever, that it is this peculiar and ghastly appearance which the dead body of a black man uniformly assumes under this singular treatment, and with which the aborigines must be quite familiar wherever the practice obtains, that has suggested to them the idea that white men are merely their forefathers returned to life again; the supposition that particular white men are particular deceased natives, known to the aborigines when alive, being merely this idea carried out to its natural result under the influence of a heated imagination. There is reason also to believe, *e converso*, that wherever this idea prevails, the practice in which it has originated—that of peeling off the cuticle previous to the other parts of the process to be described hereafter—is still prevalent also, or has been so, at least, very recently. After the dead body has been subjected to the process of scorching with fire-brands, it becomes so very stiff as almost to be capable of standing upright of itself. If the subject happens to be a male, the subsequent part of the process is performed by females, but if a female, it is performed by males. The body is then extended upon its face; and certain parties, who have been hitherto sitting apart in solemn silence, (for the whole affair is conducted with the stillness of a funeral solemnity,) step forward, and with a red pigment, which shews very strongly upon the white ground, draw lines down the back and along the arms from each shoulder down to the wrist. These parties then retire, and others, who have previously been sitting apart in solemn silence, step forward in like manner, and with sharp shells cut through the cutis vera or true skin along these lines. The entire skin of the body is then stripped off in one piece, including the ears and the finger-nails, with the scalp, but not the skin of the face, which is cut off. This whole process is performed with incredible expedition, and the skin is then stretched out on two spears to dry; the process being sometimes hastened, as in the case described by Finnegan, by lighting a fire under the skin. Previous to this operation, however, the skin is restored to its natural colour, by being anointed all over with a mixture of grease and charcoal."

His sketches of Natural History are among the best portions of his volume. This pursuit tends to refine and soften even in the very discursing of it. We select as a specimen his account of

#### THE MORETON BAY FIG-TREE.

"This tree bears a species of fig, which I was told (for it was not in season at the time) is by no means unpalatable, and of which it seems both the black natives and the bronze-winged pigeons of the Australian forest are equally fond. The latter frequently deposit the seeds with their dung in the forks or natural hollows of forest trees, where the seeds take root and very soon throw down a number of slender twigs or tendrils all round the tree, from a height of perhaps twenty or thirty feet, to the ground—being apparently a harmless parasite, which it would be unfeeling to disturb. As soon, however, as these tendrils reach the earth, they all successively strike root into the soil, and anon present the appearance of a number of props or stays around an old rickety building, or rather of a rising favourite at court gradually supplanting his predecessor and benefactor, who has brought him into notice, in the good graces of his sovereign, and finally accomplishing his ruin. The fate of the parent-tree that has nourished these step-children is either speedy or protracted, according to its nature; but nothing in the Australian forest can long resist the fatal embrace of the native fig-tree, and the tree around which it has thus sprung into parasitical life is doomed eventually to die. The tendrils, which have then perhaps attained the thickness of a man's limb, or it may be of his body, intertwine their branches, and gradually filling up by their lateral expansion the hollow left by the wasting away of the parent-tree, exhibit at length a gigantic specimen of Australian vegetation. I afterwards met with one of these trees in the rich alluvial land on Breakfast Creek, a few miles from Brisbane, on the north side of the river. I could not ascertain its height, but it measured forty-two feet in circumference at five feet from the ground.

At that height, spurs were thrown out from it at an angle of forty-five degrees all round. The specimen in Dr. Simpson's garden had fortunately attached itself to an iron-tree—the hardest and heaviest species of timber in the district. The parent-tree, which was still in life and in vigorous vegetation, may have been eighteen inches in diameter, and the tendrils which clasped it round so affectionately were each only about the thickness of a man's leg; but the iron-tree was evidently doomed to die under the resistless grasp of this ungrateful parasite; and it required no stretch of fancy to imagine the agony it was suffering, or to liken it to a goat or deer dying under the horrible embrace of a boa-constrictor or polar bear."

We conclude with a few more facts useful to those who contemplate emigration.

#### GO TO COOKSLAND.

"There are hundreds—nay, thousands of small farmers in the mother-country toiling from year to year for a bare subsistence, perhaps to make up their rack-rent for some heartless landlord, who, if they could only muster capital sufficient to purchase the smallest extent of land I have mentioned on one or other of the rivers of Cooksland, and to settle, with a team of bullocks and a twelvemonth's supplies, on that land, would infallibly find themselves, at the end of that period, on the highway to comfort and independence. Their stout sons and daughters, for whom it is so difficult to find a proper outlet, suitable to their habits and feelings, under existing circumstances in Great Britain or Ireland, would be a treasure to their parents on their arrival in Australia, and would soon be all settled as independent colonial farmers on their own account, or the wives of such farmers, perhaps, in the same district as their parents. But if such farmers themselves should choose rather to toil on at home than to endeavour to better their fortunes abroad, why should their sons follow their example, and thereby, in all likelihood, descend gradually into the class of mere labourers or hired servants? Let these young men be enabled to marry, to emigrate, to purchase a small colonial farm, and to settle on that farm in the way and with the prospects I have detailed, and their parents will not only be consulting the best interests of their offspring—at least for the present life, but conferring the greatest possible benefit upon the mother-country and the colonies.

"But it is not only the class of small farmers and their sons for whom emigration to Cooksland would be a highly prudent and proper enterprise; there are numberless respectable persons of all classes in the mother-country, with small capitals, of from 100*l.* to 500*l.* each, for which they can find no profitable employment in business, without the utmost hazard of its entire loss, and with rising families of sons and daughters, for whom the prospect at home, in the present overstocked condition of every profession and business, is sufficiently gloomy, who, I am confident would find it their interest, in every sense of the word, to emigrate as small farmers to such a country as Cooksland.

"The other class of persons for whom Cooksland would prove a highly eligible field for emigration, is that of mere labourers, whether agricultural labourers or shepherds. There is a very considerable and yearly-increasing demand for both of these classes of labourers already; but in the event of a large emigration of small capitalists, to embark in Australian farming, the demand for agricultural labourers in particular would be increased perhaps a hundred-fold, while a wide and promising field for all other departments of industry would be created simultaneously. Nor is it at all necessary that those who should emigrate to this territory to depend entirely on the labour of their hands, should either have been farm-labourers or shepherds at home; a common weaver can be transformed with the utmost facility into an Australian shepherd, and any person of industrious habits will very soon acquire all the knowledge and experience that are requisite for a farm-labourer. I should be sorry, however, to recommend any persons of this class of society to emigrate to Australia under the idea of their remaining permanently, or, indeed, for any considerable time, in the class of mere servants or labour-



ers. The peculiar recommendation of emigration to this description of persons, is the facility with which the mere servant or labourer, if at all industrious and frugal, can be transformed into a proprietor of land and stock, and an employer of labour."

*Antwerp. A Journal kept there: including also Notices of Brussels, and of the Monastery of St. Bernard, near Westmalle.* London, 1847.

SEEING that a considerable section of the middle-class population of Great Britain has been steamed to Antwerp, and are as familiar with its fine old streets and gorgeous churches, and probably much more so than with the relics of ancient London or the interior of St. Paul's, a tour to Antwerp is a somewhat unpromising subject; nor does the addition of the Monastery of La Trappe to the attractions of the title-page awaken any very eager curiosity. But the interest of the performance far surpasses the promise. It is not merely a tourist's ramble about Antwerp, but the account of a residence in the city. The author spent a winter there, mingled much with society, was introduced to the family circles, learned the manners and customs of the people, which the mere tourist never witnesses, and of these he has preserved very lively and amusing sketches; and so, in spite of its hackneyed title, this volume really contains more novelty than many a traveller's journal brought from those very remote parts, where an Englishman is a *rara avis*.

The best portions of the volume are those devoted to sketches of society. When he describes "sights," although grasping a graphic pen, the author falls into the common-places of professional travellers, and only presents fair copies of things that have been faithfully drawn a hundred times before. He had, however, some advantages in his familiarity with the language and the people, and picked up information about the objects described, which escapes the tourist, who looks only at the outsides of things. Of these he has made the best advantage. His manner, also, is extremely cheerful, and the composition elegant,—showing a tasteful and accomplished mind. He forms remarkably fair judgments of persons and things; looks on both sides of a question; takes advantages as well as disadvantages into account, and does not set up his own or his country's tastes and prejudices as the standard by which to measure other people and other countries. These are great merits, and of themselves recommend to attention the volume that exhibits them.

His descriptions of society in Antwerp will most amuse our readers. Let us take that of the Philharmonic Ball. "This is a club here, and from time to time they give these balls: it is necessary to be introduced by a member. Servants in livery passed us up the staircase, and into the ball-room, a very fine hall, having a vaulted ceiling, supported on columns, behind which, on each side of the room, runs a sort of cloister or corridor, with a raised floor, where the spectators stand, out of the way of the dancers. The decoration is in the Renaissance style, in colours and gilding. We found this room brilliantly lighted, and filled with some three or four hundred people, the greater part of them dancing vigorously, and in good time (people in an English ball-room never dance in time) to the music of an excellent band. Rigorous full dress is made a *sine qua non*: boots, for instance, are not admissible in male costume, inasmuch that even officers in uniform wear shoes, which has a grotesque effect. As you enter, a servant gives you a card, with directions as to the figures of the quadrilles printed on one side, and, on the other, the order of the dances in general, as, *galop—contre-danse—valse—contre-danse—galop*, and so forth, and also, on the same side, a table for engagements, as, *1st, 2nd, and 3rd contre-dances, &c. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd vales, &c.*—and your very important business, if you care about dancing, is, at once to engage partners for the whole length and breadth of the ball, and, for the *contre-dances, vis-à-vis* also. If you do not look particularly sharp after this duty, you are certain to languish all night in ignoble idleness, among respectable fathers of families, and *les tapisseries*, as the ladies who im-

moveably line the walls, are here called. The quadrilles differ somewhat from those danced in England. The vales and galops last only a certain fixed time, as to which, and also, the intervals between all the dances, the orchestra have their instructions beforehand. As a notice of the commencement of each dance, they play a few bars of its appropriate music. A valse or a galop is a very animated scene here. Not a thin stream of couples, but a broad belt of them, composed, perhaps, of two hundred men and women or more, encircles the dancing arena, all furiously whirling round and round, faster, as it seems, and faster, every moment, with an effect of motion indescribable. Decidedly, the ladies were better dressed, on the average, than in England, and there was a very satisfactory display of handsome faces and fine figures; more *belles femmes*—which may by no means be translated *pretty girls*,—than I have seen together for a long time. About twelve o'clock, people began to think of their suppers. Instead of a general arrangement of long tables, as at our public balls, where people are squeezed uncomfortably together, and eat and drink at haphazard, a number of small tables were placed up and down the refreshment-rooms, as in a café, and at these different little parties sat, their several suppers having been previously bespoken at a sort of bar, and the names of the bespeakers, on cards, being then pinned to the table-cloths to mark the places as taken. *Pâtes de foie gras*, oysters, cold fowl, and champagne, were the average refreshments in vogue. A lady, young, and so forth, is soon engaged for all the dances of the night, and, when asked for the honour and pleasure, &c. she will refer to her memoranda of engagements before vouchsafing a reply. Some carry about elegant little books for the purpose, and some use the leaves of their fans. Thus, the proposal assumes quite the character of a matter of business—a negotiation:—'Mademoiselle, may I have the honour of dancing the first valse with you?'—'I regret, but it is taken.' 'The second?'—'No—stay—I can give you the fourth—or the third galop, if you like,'—&c. &c. and the two quietly book the engagement. It was laughable to see a crowd of expectant youths standing round the entrance-door, and eagerly closing upon each young lady as she entered, just as tame fish dart upon a piece of bread thrown into their glass vase, assailing her, books and pencils in hand, with petitions, making their night up, and 'taking a note of it.' After the ball, the men go into the club-rooms down stairs, to play and bet at cards, billiards, and other games, drink beer and punch, and smoke. Here are always to be met a host of members who have not attended the ball, but who have awaited its breaking up, for the sake of the play and gossip that ensues, and if you descend into these infernal regions, depend upon it it will be very late before you are in bed. Up to a reasonable hour, the club provides carriages, at its own expense, to take the company home; it even professes to call for them at their own houses, to bring them to the ball, on the same easy terms. The perfection of all the arrangements, and the way in which the entertainment was carried on, smoothly and uninterruptedly, from beginning to end, evidently the result of a systematic study of the art and mystery of ball-giving, was very remarkable."

After this account of a public ball, the reader will be pleased with an equally minute one of a private party. "We were set down on carpeted steps, under a porte-cochère, and shewn into a small room, where ladies' maids and a cheval glass were doing duty, respectively active and passive, and where people deposited hats, cloaks, and swords,—swords, because here all officers, as a general rule, appear at all dress parties in uniform. As to hats, many men carry a small chapeau bras into the rooms. A servant inquired our names, and leading us through an ante-room, threw open the folding doors at the further end of it, and announced us at the top of his voice. Just within we found the host, with his wife and daughter, all radiant with gracious and welcoming smiles. I was handed over to a cousin; who took my arm, and plunged with me into the midst of a crowd of some three hundred people; where, with his help, I 'made my book' for the night: *contre-dances* were still to be had at

a fair price, but vales and galops had been nearly all taken up, and were quite at a premium. A dancing stranger, among so many new faces, called by such strange and unfamiliar names, must use his wits, lest he should forget an engagement, or lose his lady or his *vis-à-vis*,—all mortal offences. The rooms had been recently redecorated, and this ball was, I believe, intended for a sort of house-warming after the process. There were five of them and a hall, on the ground floor, *en suite*; completing the square of the house, so that you could walk through them as long as you pleased, without turning back. They were elegantly and richly furnished with silk hangings, turkey carpets, marble, and ormolu chandeliers and candelabra. The principal dancing-room was a large square, the walls hung with crimson silk damask, let into panels, with white and gold wood-work and decorations, large mirrors, and a costly marble chimney-piece. The floor was of elaborate inlaid work, of various light-coloured woods and ebony, as fine as the marqueterie of a cabinet, and polished like glass. The lighting, by a profusion of wax candles, was perfect. A crowd of guests, so dense that you could scarcely move, here waited for something to do, and talked as fast and as much as they could in the mean time. At a given signal, the curtains of the centre window of three occupying one side of the room, were suddenly drawn back by an invisible hand, and disclosed the orchestra, in a small pavilion, opening by the window into the room, lined with crimson damask, and lighted by a lamp hanging from the centre of the roof: the effect was very theatrical and pretty. Simultaneously arose the preliminary groans and squeaks of the instruments; and immediately partners were singled out, a space was cleared, and the dancing began. The band-master from time to time shouted out the names of the figures of the *contre-danse*, and directions for the different parts of them; and he did it in the oddest way, opening his eyes wide as he called out, so that they seemed to be worked by strings tied to his jaws, and puffing out his cheeks, and finally appearing to make a violent swallow of a very large plum, exactly as if he went by clock-work,—all the time fiddling away as for dear life.

"On a large room was appropriated to card-playing, in which both men and women here indulge most systematically. Ices and other pleasant things were carried about, and we had supper in a suite of rooms on the first floor. It was served out by servants standing behind long tables, as shopmen stand behind counters; and a welcome pair circulated about among the guests, one carrying a supply of champagne, and the other a basketful of long glasses. It was a well-managed affair, and the company the best of Antwerpian society,—the Governor, the Burgomaster, the two Generals, the *Nobles*, as they are called here,—that is, the class who with us are titled or untitled people, as the case may be, of established family and condition,—the Consuls, leading merchants and bankers, (many of the *grandees* here are in some way or other engaged in mercantile pursuits,) and a few of the staff and officers of the garrison. Many of the women were strikingly handsome. We were, I think, the only English English there. It is the established custom for the invited to fee the servants handsomely on leaving the house; and you are sure to find a major-domo at the door, who receives the five-franc pieces quite as a matter of course."

The language of good society in Antwerp is French. A notice of this sets the author storytelling after the following fashion:—"The shopkeepers, and all classes except the very lowest, are able to speak French, and most of the newspapers are published in that language. Flemish is necessarily the vernacular, or vulgar tongue of the country. It sounds not altogether unfamiliarly in English ears. A friend of mine, or a friend of his, was travelling somewhere in this part of the world,—but I think it was in Holland,—and had with him an English north-country servant, whom, of course, he supposed to be utterly guiltless of Dutch. One morning, John, when wanted, was not forthcoming, but was at length discovered among a company of the hotel people, with whom he appeared to be making himself exceedingly popular, laughing and

talking with them, and exchanging kitchen and stable jokes very glibly,—as if, in fact, he had been a born Dutchman. ‘Why, John,’ quoth his master, ‘where did you learn to talk Dutch?—you never told me of this accomplishment of yours.’ ‘I never learned nothing of the sort, Sir,’ replied John; ‘but, bless ye, Sir, it’s only bad Yorkshire.’ But English sounds very different from the Latin-derived tongues; and, as if it were not sufficiently unmelodious in itself, some people thicken it by the accompaniment of a connecting thorough bass of drawl, making their words, as it were, not so much winged as webfooted. In France, I have detected an Englishman near, in passing along the street, not by hearing any distinct words, but by the hesitating, languid *er* of the London lounge, which buzzed in the neighbouring air while yet the man spoke not. Some of our friends in Antwerp speak excellent English. The attempts in that line are not, however, always successful. I have heard of an English lady going out to dinner, and being received by the hostess with a well-meant ‘Good night, mistress,’—and then somebody else came up, and, certainly intending to be very polite, added a ‘Good bye, madam.’ An English servant remaining inopportunely in presence, a Flemish lady turned upon him suddenly, and, with the air of the captive princess in a melodrama, uttering the ‘Begone, Sir!—and trouble me no more’—to her tyrant’s emissary, exclaimed, ‘I am not necessary,—a footman!’”

He gives an interest even to a theme so commonplace as dress, by his mode of treating it. For instance, he observes, that “the most noticeable shops in Antwerp seem to be those of the mercers and lace-venders, the gingerbread and cake shops, the braziers, and the tobacconists. Of each sort there is a great number. The lace-work and silks of Antwerp are celebrated. I once took particular pains to ascertain the precise form and fashion of that most graceful garment the Spanish mantilla, which, or at any rate a modification of it, is in common wear here; and found it to be a piece of rich, stiff, black silk, some three yards long for a short woman and four for a tall one, cut square at the two ends, and finished there with a black silk fringe: it is just simply, in fact, an ample scarf. They fold it—I had a lesson in the art—in width once, and arrange it over the top of the head, a little shading the face, and then the ends hang down in front, nearly to the feet; or they throw it off the head, letting it fall gracefully pendant from the elbows or shoulders. The best of these mantillas, of a stiff, leathery richness of silk unknown in England, costs about one hundred francs. There is a peculiar cap, too, worn by the women, with large semicircular flaps falling down on each side of the face, very becoming to many. Over this, some wear a sort of straw bonnet, with a high conical-shaped crown, and a mere apology for a brim. The women of the lower orders never wear the thing we call a bonnet—the legitimate, shapeless, unmeaning, hideous bonnet. They wear either the peculiar straw pot I have just described, or clean lace caps, or handkerchiefs bound round the head, or the mantilla. The latter is very common; you see it to admirable effect on figures moving about and grouping together in the streets, or kneeling on the pavements of the churches. It has always seemed to me to be regretted that the poorer women of England should have no costume of their own,—that they should persist in a dragged-tail and vulgar imitation of the dress of those whom by courtesy we will call “the ladies of the land,” (a sailor, in a police court, once described a *gentleman* as a man who wore a long-tailed coat,) instead of taking to themselves, as in other countries, a certain distinct *class* costume, which, as it would be worn by the great majority, would be in fact a *national* costume, and which, from the cheapness of its materials, they might always afford to have in clean, seemly, and decent condition. It would be a great saving to them, and a real addition to their comfort. As it is, our servant-girls, and the wives of our labourers and mechanics, go about so many shabby-genteel reproductions of the costume of her Majesty Queen Victoria: it is the same bonnet, the same shawl and gown, the same *tout ensemble*,—

only, in a greater or less degree, shabbier, coarser, or worse chosen and put on. The real dignity of the poor woman, let it be observed—and it *is* of importance that her dignity should be maintained—would be much promoted by her adopting a costume of her own. Apropos of the dress of woman-kind in Antwerp, I could fancy that many of the women there retain much of the Spanish blood of the land’s former rulers: they are frequently tall and dark, with fine figures, and in their black mantillas look as if they had come from Madrid by the last train. Indeed, the Spanish stamp appears indelible here.”

Quitting Antwerp, let us accompany him to La Trappe, whither he is taken in a diligence, and we sympathise with his pleasure at the change from the whirl of a railway to the more sight-seeing vehicle. “I quite rejoiced,” he says, “in the old-fashioned picturesqueness of this way of travelling. It had become a pleasant novelty, to find oneself starting on a journey in the *coupé* of a crazy, worn-out old diligence, that looked as if it had been standing under a shed for swallows to build nests in for the last ten years, drawn by three ungroomed, lumbering horses, yoked together, after a loose and jingly fashion, with patched-up harness. When I am not in a hurry, I like to travel through a country by high-roads and bye-roads, or any roads but railroads. I like the incidents of travel,—the driving up hill and down dale, and round corners,—the stopping in the towns, and at village inns,—the hasty breakfasts, dinners, and suppers,—the groups standing at the doors of the cabarets,—the wayfarer people of all sorts that one meets with. Even the misfortunes of travel have a charm and an interest for me,—the breaking and mending of harness,—upsetting of carriages,—save when the carriage happens to be the one that carries yourself,—delays at the gates of fortified places, &c. &c. All this I like, and there is none of it on a railway journey. I know this is what your go-a-head utilitarian people call nonsense. All the while, be it understood, railways are excellent things in their own way.”

His account of the Trappists is worth reading; but we must abridge it to adapt it to our space. He says of them, that “their main principle appears to be, a devotion of themselves to a mortifying and abstemious life, everything approaching to luxury or comfort being carefully avoided by them, and, indeed, discomfort and misery in all things being studiously introduced into their habits. Their flannel shirt is changed but once in three weeks; they are shaved but once a month; they sleep on straw mattresses, with a single blanket to cover them. Formerly they slept on bare planks, but the Pope, considering this part of their discipline too severe, and injurious to their health, directed its discontinuance. No fires are allowed, even at this season of the year, in any part of the house, except in the kitchen, printing-room, strangers’ common room, and in the ante-room of the refectory during dinner, to keep their messes warm,—which last provision would appear to be a somewhat inconsistent refinement. For seven months in the year, their only meal in each twenty-four hours, except three ounces of bread in the evening, is a dinner at twelve, at which neither flesh, fowl, nor fish is eaten. A pint of beer, however, is allowed to each. Probably, during the remaining months, some small addition may be made to the three ounces of bread in the evening. With the exception of the two superiors, the two *pères hôteliers*, and those others of them whose duties positively require the permission, they are strictly forbidden to speak, either to each other or to strangers; nor are private friendships permitted among them, or signs of kindly greeting or recognition from one to another. They have no private cells, but sleep together in two dormitories. They attend, in every twenty-four hours, eight different ceremonials or services; the first taking place between two and four in the morning, the next at half-past five, at this season, and possibly earlier in the summer time. Probably, on special fast days, and at seasons of penitence, the number and length of these services are increased. They appear, moreover, to fill up, with private devotions and meditations, every moment

of their day which is not occupied by their regular fixed duties and employments. \* \* \* \* No woman is allowed to set foot within the premises, except that the poor women, who come to the place to beg provisions, are received in the chamber in the gatehouse, where, also, I believe, ladies (I hate the word *female*, it sounds so like the mere definition of a naturalist) accompanying visitors, are admitted; but beyond this there is no passing for petticoats. Naturally, the curiosity of “the sex” as to La Trappe is considerable. I have been told that bonnets and gowns have been exchanged for hats, coats, and what not, for the sake of obtaining admission within the mysterious walls. In France, I believe that princesses of the blood royal have the right of *entrée*. I do not know how the privilege may be here. It is said, that at this monastery, a woman having on one occasion heedlessly passed beyond the prescribed limits, the holy fathers’ pious horror of the profanation was such, that they took the trouble to turn the stones of the yard on which she had stepped, upside down. Also, that if by chance they happen to see a woman, however far off, they must bow their faces to the earth till she is out of sight. Certain it is, that on one occasion, when I was in the cabaret by the roadside, one of them employed in some outdoor work, entered, and spoke to the woman of the house, very much, it seemed to me, as a matter of course. The fathers are occasionally employed in performing the offices of the church in the neighbourhood, and I think I was told that they receive payment for these services. The establishment also derives an income from the produce of its estates, if any surplus is left unconsumed in the house,—from gifts of money, and perhaps of land, by various benefactors,—and from the donations of strangers who may chance to visit them,—although nothing is asked for, and, by many, nothing paid. The indigent priests, for instance, who, when on travel, make these religious houses their hotels, pay nothing. I believe, also, that a certain fee is paid by each member on his entrance into the order. This house is, however, very poor, so I was informed by one of the stranger priests, who said he had known it for many years. It was, in fact, his house of call in those parts. \* \* \* The religious number among their community all sorts and conditions of men. Some that I saw appeared to have moved in the lower ranks of life; but there are in the house men who have been barristers, *hommes de lettres*, rich proprietors, and officers in the army. One of them was pointed out to me who had been a captain of lancers. Not long ago a general officer had been there, but he had been recently removed to another monastery. The abbot himself, who, I understand, is a very superior person, has been a colonel. One of the *pères hôteliers*, with whom I had more intercourse than with the other, assured me that he himself had been a rich man, with all the comforts of the world about him, and servants to wait upon him. This was in allusion to *his* then waiting upon *me*. He said that he had once been as loud a scoffer as any at the monastic life, but that on reflection he had renounced all worldly attachments and distractions. He had considered the instability of all earthly things, that man’s life is but a span, that his wealth and his creature comforts cannot attend him beyond the grave, and that the all-important consideration for him was, what would become of his soul after death. He therefore had devoted himself to this life of self-denial, and thereby to the more complete service of God, hoping for his return hereafter. I give his own words, or thereabouts. On my asking him whether he was happy and contented, and whether the rest were so, he replied: ‘*Pourquoi non?*’ We are not obliged to remain here;—it is our own doing. We should not be here if we were not happy.’ No doubt, however, that as far as solemn vows can bind them, they are so bound after a certain period of residence in the house. He said that he was perfectly happy, that he now ate his miserable dinner with more satisfaction than when he formerly sat down to a luxurious table,—to use his own words—“*Un bon poulet et une bouteille de vin*,”—that he had no anxieties, the world, and all the responsibilities imposed by society, being at an end for him; that he



had nothing to do but to devote himself heart and soul to God's service.

We trust the author will bring us home more such descriptions of the inner life of other towns in Europe whose external aspect is familiar to us. That is the information of which the traveller feels as much in need as of MURRAY'S Handbook.

*Journal of an Overland Expedition in Australia, from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, a distance of upwards of 3,000 miles, during the years 1844-45. By Dr. LUDWIG LEICHHARDT. London, 1847. T. and W. Boone.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

WE subjoin some further sketches of

#### THE ABORIGINES OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

When we were approaching the river, the well-known sound of a tomahawk was heard, and, guided by the noise, we soon came in sight of three black women, two of whom were busily occupied in digging for roots, whilst the other, perched on the top of a high flooded-gum tree, was chopping out either an opossum or a bees' nest. They no sooner perceived us than they began to scream most dreadfully, swinging their sticks, and beating the trees, as if we were wild beasts, which they wished to frighten away. We made every possible sign of peace, but in vain; the two root-diggers immediately ran off, and the lady in the tree refused to descend. When I asked for water in the language of the natives of the country we had left—"Yarra, yarra," she pointed down the river and answered "yarra ya;" and we found afterwards that her information was correct. Upon reaching the tree we found an infant swaddled in layers of tea-tree bark lying on the ground, and three or four large yams. A great number of natives, men, boys, and children, who had been attracted by the screams of their companions, now came running towards us, but on our putting our horses into a sharp canter and riding towards them, they retired into the scrub.

Whilst riding along the bank of the river we saw an old woman before us, walking slowly and thoughtfully through the forest, supporting her slender and apparently-exhausted frame with one of those long sticks which the women use for digging roots; a child was running before her. Fearing she would be much alarmed if we came too suddenly upon her—as neither our voices in conversation, nor the footfall of our horses attracted her attention—I cooed gently. After repeating the call two or three times, she turned her head; in sudden fright she lifted her arms and began to beat the air, as if to take wing—then seizing the child, and shrieking most pitifully, she rapidly crossed the creek, and escaped to the opposite ridges. What could she think but that we were some of those imaginary beings with legends of which the wise men of her people frighten the children into obedience, and whose strange forms and stranger doings are the favourite topics of conversation amongst the natives at night, when seated around their fires? In returning to our camp we saw a great number of women and children, who ran away upon seeing us, screaming loudly, which attracted some young men to the spot, who were much bolder, and approached us. I dismounted, and walked up within five yards of them, when I stopped short from a mutual disinclination for too close quarters, as they were armed with spears and waddies. They made signs for me to take off my hat, and to give them something; but, having nothing with me, I made a sign that I would make them a present upon returning to the camp. They appeared to be in no way unfriendly, and directed us how to avoid the water. When I reached the camp, I found that the black fellows had been there already, and had been rather urgent to enter it, probably in consequence of the small number of my companions then present, who, however, managed to keep them in good humour by replying to their inquiries respecting our nature and intentions; among which one of the most singular was, whether the bullocks were not our gins? This occurred last night; in the morning they returned again in great

numbers, and climbed the trees on the other side of the brook, to observe what was doing within the camp. It now became necessary to shew them our superiority, which we attempted to do by shooting at a kite, numbers of which were perched on the neighbouring trees; our shots, however, unfortunately missed, and the natives answered the discharge of the gun with a shout of laughter. At this time, however, Mr. Roper, Charley, and myself returned from our excursion, when they became quiet. I threw a tin canister over to them, and they returned me a shower of roasted nymphaea fruit. It seems that the seed-vessels of nymphaea and its rhizoma form the principal food of the natives; the seeds contain much starch and oil, and are extremely nourishing. I then gave them some pieces of dried meat, intimating by signs that it must be grilled; soon afterwards they retired. Mr. Roper came in with sad tidings: in riding up the steep bank of the river his horse, unable to get a footing among the loose rocks, had fallen back and broken its thigh. I immediately resolved upon going to the place where the accident had happened, and proposed to my companions that we should try to make the best of the meat, as the animal was young and healthy, and the supply would greatly assist in saving our bullocks to the end of our long journey; and they declared themselves willing, at all events, to give a fair trial to the horse-flesh. Our bullocks were foot-sore, and required rest. We, therefore, shot the horse, skinned and quartered it the same night; and ate its liver and kidneys, which were quite as good as those of a bullock. I had sent Charley forward to look for water, and when he joined us again, he told me that there was a water-hole, but that natives, for the greater part gins, were encamped on it. I could not help taking possession of it, as there were none besides, to our knowledge, and our bullocks and horses were fatigued by a long stage. I therefore rode up to it alone; the gins had decamped, but a little urchin remained, who was probably asleep when his mother went. He cried bitterly, as he made his way through the high grass, probably in search of his mother. Thinking it prudent to tie an iron ring to his neck, that his parents might see we were peaceably inclined, I caught the little fellow, who threw his stick at me, and defended himself most manfully when I laid hold of him. Having dismissed him with an angry slap on his fat little posteriors, he walked away crying, but keeping hold of the iron ring: his mother came down from the ridge to meet him, laughing loud, and cheering with jokes.

Probably there are few of our readers who are not familiar with PRINGLE'S beautiful poem, commencing

Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side.

Dr. LEICHHARDT appears to have experienced a similar train of reflections; and who will not be curious to learn what are the usual wanderings of our

#### THOUGHTS IN THE DESERT?

May 24.—It was the Queen's birthday; and we celebrated it with what, as our only remaining luxury, we were accustomed to call a fat cake, made of four pounds of flour and some suet, which we had saved for the express purpose, and with a pot of sugared tea. We had for several months been without sugar, with the exception of about ten pounds, which was reserved for cases of illness and for festivals. So necessary does it appear to human nature to interrupt the monotony of life by marked days, on which we indulge in recollections of the past or in meditations on the future, that we all enjoyed those days as much, and even more, than when surrounded with all the blessings of civilised society; although I am free to admit that fat cake and sugared tea in prospect might induce us to watch with more eagerness for the approach of these days of feasting. There were, besides, several other facts interesting to the psychologist, which exhibited the influence of our solitary life, and the unity of our purpose, on our minds. During the

early part of our journey, I had been carried back in my dreams to scenes of recent date, and into the society of men with whom I had lived shortly before starting on my expedition. As I proceeded on my journey, events of earlier date returned into my mind, with all the fantastic associations of a dream; and scenes of England, France, and Italy passed successively. Then came the recollections of my university life, of my parents and the members of my family; and, at last, the days of boyhood and of school—at one time, as a boy afraid of the look of the master, and now with the independent feelings of the man, communicating to and discussing with him the progress of my journey, the courses of the rivers I had found, and the possible advantages of my discoveries. At the latter part of the journey, I had as it were retraced the whole course of my life; and I was now, in my dreams, almost invariably in Sydney, canvassing for support, and imagining that, although I had left my camp, yet that I should return with new resources to carry us through the remainder of our journey. It was very remarkable that all my companions were almost invariably anticipating the end of our journey, dreaming that they reached the sea-coast, and met with ships, or that they were in Port Essington, and enjoying the pleasures of civilised life; whilst I, on awaking, found my party and my interests on the place where I had left them in my dreams. During the leisure moments of the day, or at the commencement of night, when seated at my fire, all my thoughts seemed riveted to the progress and success of my journey, and to the new objects we had met with during the day. I had then to compel myself to think of absent friends and past times; and the thought that they supposed me dead, or unsuccessful in my enterprise, brought me back immediately to my favourite object. Much, indeed, the greater portion of my journey, had been occupied in long reconnoitering rides; and he who is thus occupied is in a continued state of excitement—now buoyant with hope, as he urges on his horse towards some distant range or blue mountain, or as he follows the favourable bend of a river—now all despairing and miserable, as he approaches the foot of the range without finding water, from which he could start again with renewed strength, or as the river turns in an unfavourable direction and slips out of his course. Evening approaches: the sun has sunk below the horizon for some time, but still he strains his eye through the gloom for the dark verdure of a creek, or strives to follow the arrow-like flight of a pigeon, the flapping of whose wings has filled him with a sudden hope, from which he relapses again into a still greater sadness; with a sickened heart he drops his head to a broken and uninterrupted rest, whilst his horse is standing hobbled at his side, unwilling from excessive thirst to feed on the dry grass. How often have I found myself in these different states of the brightest hope and the deepest misery, riding along, thirsty, almost lifeless, and ready to drop from my saddle with fatigue; the poor horse tired like his rider, foot-sore, stumbling over every stone, running heedlessly against the trees, and wounding my knees! But suddenly the note of *Grallina Australis*, the call of cockatoos, or the croaking of frogs, is heard, and hopes are bright again; water is certainly at hand; the spur is applied to the flank of the tired beast, which already partakes in his rider's anticipations, and quickens his pace—and a lagoon, a creek, or a river, is before him. The horse is soon unsaddled, hobbled, and well washed; a fire is made, the teapot is put to the fire, the meat is dressed, the enjoyment of the poor reconnoiterer is perfect, and a prayer of thankfulness to the Almighty God who protects the wanderer on his journey bursts from his grateful lips.

It is a popular notion that animals have a kind of instinct that teaches them the direction in which water lies, but nothing of the sort was noticed by the Doctor:—

The detection of isolated water-holes in a wooded country, where there is nothing visible to indicate its presence, is quite a matter of chance. We have often unconsciously passed well-filled water-holes, at less than a hundred yards distant, whilst we

were suffering severely from thirst. Our horses and bullocks never shewed that instinctive faculty of detecting water, so often mentioned by other travellers; and I remember instances in which the bullocks have remained the whole night not fifty yards from water-holes without finding them; and, indeed, whenever we came to small water-holes, we had to drive the cattle down to them, or they would have strayed off to find water elsewhere. On several occasions I followed their tracks, and observed they were influenced entirely by their sight when in search of it; at times attracted by a distant patch of deep verdure, at others following down a hollow watercourse, but I do not recollect a single instance where they found water for themselves. The horses, however, were naturally more restless and impatient; and, when we approached a creek or a water-course after a long journey, would descend into the bed and follow it for long distances to find water; giving great trouble to those who had to bring them back to the line of march. Whenever they saw me halt at the place where I intended to encamp, they not only quickened their pace, but often galloped towards me, well knowing that I had found water, and that they were to be relieved of their loads. In looking for water, my search was first made in the neighbourhood of hills, ridges, and ranges, which, from their extent and elevation, were most likely to lead me to it, either in beds of creeks, or rivers, or in water-holes parallel to them. In an open country, there are many indications which a practised eye will readily seize: a cluster of trees of a greener foliage, hollows with luxuriant grass, eagles circling in the air, crows, cockatoos, pigeons (especially before sunset), and the call of *Grallina Australis*, and flocks of little finches, would always attract our attention. The margins of scrubs were generally provided with chains of holes. But a flat country, openly timbered, without any break of the surface or of the forest, was by no means encouraging; and I have frequently travelled more than twenty-five miles in a straight line without obtaining my object. In coming on creeks, it required some experience in the country to know whether to travel up or down the bed; some being well provided with water immediately at the foot of the range, and others being entirely dry at their upper part, but forming large puddled holes, lower down, in a flat country. From daily experience, we acquired a sort of instinctive feeling as to the course we should adopt, and were seldom wrong in our decisions.

Their worst period of suffering for want of provisions is thus painted:—

#### PRIVATIONS IN THE DESERT.

We hobbled our horses, and covered ourselves with our blankets; but the storm was so violent that we were thoroughly drenched. As no water-holes were near us, we caught the water that ran from our blankets; and, as we were unable to rekindle our fire, which had been extinguished by the rain, we stretched our blankets over some sticks to form a tent; and, notwithstanding our wet and hungry condition, our heads sank wearily on the saddles—our usual bush pillow, and we slept soundly till morning dawned. We now succeeded in making a fire, so that we had a pot of tea and a pigeon between us. After this scanty breakfast, we continued our course to the north-east. Brown thought himself lost, got disheartened, grumbled, and became exceedingly annoying to me; but I could not help feeling for him, as he complained of severe pain in his legs. We now entered extensive ironbark flats, which probably belong to the valley of the Mackenzie. Giving our position every consideration, I determined upon returning to the mountains at which we had turned, and took a north-west course. The country was again most wretched, and at night we almost dropped from our saddles with fatigue. Another pigeon was divided between us, but our tea was gone. Oppressed by hunger, I swallowed the bones and the feet of the pigeon, to allay the cravings of my stomach. A sleeping lizard, with a blunt tail and knobby scales, fell into our hands, and was of course roasted and greedily eaten. Brown now complained of increased pain in his feet, and lost all courage. "We are lost, we

are lost!" was all he could say. All my words and assurances, all my telling him that we might be starved for a day or two, but that we should most certainly find our party again, could not do more than appease his anxiety for a few moments. The next morning, the 21st, we proceeded, but kept a little more to the westward, and crossed a fine openly-timbered country; but all the creeks went either to the east or to the north. At last, after a ride of about four miles, Brown recognised the place where we had breakfasted on the 19th; when all his gloom and anxiety disappeared at once. I then returned on my south-east course, and arrived at the camp about one o'clock in the afternoon, my long absence having caused the greatest anxiety amongst my companions. I shall have to mention several other instances of the wonderful quickness and accuracy with which Brown as well as Charley were able to recognise localities which they had previously seen. The impressions on their retina seem to be naturally more intense than on that of the European; and their recollections are remarkably exact, even to the most minute details. Trees peculiarly formed or grouped, broken branches, slight elevations of the ground—in fact, a hundred things, which we should remark only when paying great attention to a place—seem to form a kind of daguerreotype impression on their minds, every part of which is readily recollected.

Their most constant game and *dernier ressort* for food was

#### THE EMU.

Shortly after starting this morning, we saw a brood of thirteen emus, on the plain which we were about to cross. John, Charley, and the dog pursued them, and killed the old one; which, however, severely wounded poor Spring in the neck. When we came up to them with the train, the twelve young ones had returned in search of their mother; upon which Brown gave chase with Spring, and killed two. This was the greatest sport we had ever had upon our journey. Upon making our camp, we cut part of their meat into slices, and dried it on green hide-ropes: the bones, heads, and necks were stewed. Formerly, we threw the heads, gizzards, and feet away, but necessity had taught us economy; and, upon trial, the feet of young emus were found to be as good and tender as cowheel. I collected some salt on the dry salt ponds, and added it to our stew; but my companions scarcely cared for it, and almost preferred the soup without it. The addition, however, rendered the soup far more savoury,—at least to my palate.

When at length they returned in health and safety, they experienced not only the delight of finding themselves in civilised society,—which so deeply affected the Doctor that, he says, "I could scarcely speak, the words growing big with tears and emotion,"—but they were received with great marks of attention. At Sydney, a subscription was set a-foot, which speedily amounted to 1,500*l.*, to which the Legislative Council added 1,000*l.* The gold medals of the Geographical Societies both of London and Paris were voted to Doctor LEICHHARDT. But he is not resting upon his laurels. His spirit is restless. He is a wanderer by nature. Already he has planned another expedition into the interior of Australia, and which is to extend over a period of two years and a-half. Probably by this time he is again in the wilderness. May the new enterprise prove as successful as his last.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Tracts of the Anti-Bribery Society.* No. I.  
London: printed for the Society.

THE appearance of this pamphlet is the first intimation we have had of the existence of such a society. That its object is most praiseworthy all will readily admit; and without feeling very sanguine of the result, we welcome the effort, and bid it God speed.

If by its tracts it lift but a few above the degradation of political prostitution, the society will deserve the applause and support of the right-hearted and sound-headed of the community. The Society has gone to work wisely, by grappling with the whole mischief. It seeks to destroy it at its spring, by protesting not alone against illegal expenditure at elections, but against any expenditure whatever by a candidate, it being always under the shelter of lawful expenses that the unlawful doings are effected. From the members of the society a pledge is exacted that they "will use all constitutional and legal means for the suppression of the system which makes election to the House of Commons an expense to candidates, and never to desist from our efforts until the sole qualification shall be fitness to represent the views and feelings of the constituencies." Their first tract is an exposition of the doings of the late elections, gathered from the newspapers, and a melancholy picture it is. The Society has our best wishes. It is unconnected with party; it seeks only the general good; no party question is to be admitted; it is to combine the influence of all who feel the mischiefs of the existing system, and desire a moral reform of the constituencies.

#### RELIGION.

*The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Translated from the authorised Latin; with Extracts from the Literal Version, and Notes of the Rev. Father Rotham, Father-General of the Company of Jesus.* By CHARLES SEAGER, M.A. To which is prefixed a Preface by the Rev. NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D. Bishop of Melipotamus, and Coadjutor of the Midland District of England. London, 1847. Dolman.

THERE is nothing more rare than for a man to be at once earnest and liberal,—devoted heart and soul to the promotion of what he deems the cause of truth, and yet just towards those whose views with respect to the nature of the supreme good, or at least to the means of advancing it, may happen to be different from, or opposite to his own. Doubtless there is in every thing a right and a wrong; but error is not necessarily wickedness,—or because a cause is a bad one, does it follow as a consequence that its supporters are knaves. To point out the bad effects of any given system, is to adopt a legitimate, and most probably effectual way of overturning it, and is in every respect a praiseworthy proceeding; but to attempt to bring odium upon it by ascribing sinister motives, and the practice of wilful deception to its advocates, is to transgress the bounds prescribed by the Almighty to the finite wisdom of man, and so far from attaining the object aimed at, only discredits the cause of those who employ means so unfair. It has lately been the fashion among a certain class of writers not only to decry Jesuitism as an institution possessing tendencies highly prejudicial to the well-being of society, but to paint Jesuits as a set of demons, devoid of all the better features of human nature. However such works may be likely to give rise to feelings of bitterness and hatred among the opponents, as well as among the votaries of Jesuitism, they are little calculated to reclaim the latter from what the former consider the error of their ways. There are other kinds of persecution than that by fire and sword; and all persecution has a tendency to produce in the objects of it the feeling and spirit of martyrdom. The soundest arguments, accompanied by injustice, will fail to convince—will not, indeed, obtain a hearing. If truth is to be attractive, it must be preceded by charity.

Nothing is more conducive to a feeling of ill-will among sects and parties than the habit which most people have of judging of the cha-



acter of a party or sect by the report of its adversaries. Now, nothing can be more unjust or absurd. For many evident reasons, such accounts are always to be suspected. We can only judge fairly of the character of any system by viewing it in itself apart from controversy, seeking to be made acquainted with the lessons it inculcates, the object at which it aims, and the manner in which it strives to obtain that object. The same rule holds good with regard to the character of individuals,—that we must seek to discover as it paints itself in words and actions, and not as it is painted by interested enemies. There is this difference, however, between judging of an individual and of a system, that whereas we must judge of the one by his own standard of rectitude, and not by ours, we must form, on the contrary, our opinion of the other chiefly by the essential nature of its rule of right, both with regard to its end, and the means of its attainment. Thus, IGNA-TIUS OF LOYOLA, may have been an upright man, if he acted up to his own idea of holiness; while that *idea* of itself may have been so erroneous as to condemn the whole system based upon it. Again, the idea of holiness may be correct, but the means proposed for attaining to it may be altogether inadequate,—may, indeed, have a contrary tendency. Our business is not, at présent, with the character of IGNA-TIUS OF LOYOLA, but with the character of his views contained in his writings now before us. Now, the rule adopted by the contributors to this journal forbids us entering into the discussion of sectarian differences. Waiving, therefore, the declaration of our own opinion, we shall merely, by a brief sketch of the plan of the Spiritual Exercises, and one or two short extracts, endeavour, as far as our narrow limits will permit, to enable our readers to form one for themselves.

Bishop WISEMAN thus states the design of the work :—

It must be observed, then, that this is a practical, not a theoretical work. It is not a treatise on sin or virtue; it is not a method of Christian perfection; but it contains the entire practice of perfection, by making us at once conquer sin, and acquire the highest virtue. The person who goes through the Exercises is not instructed, but made to act; and this book will not be intelligible apart from this view. The reader will observe, that it is divided into four Weeks, and each of these has a specific object,—to advance the exercitant an additional step towards perfect virtue. If the work of each week be thoroughly done, this is actually accomplished.

The object of the first week is to cleanse the soul of sin, and to induce a hatred of it, and for this purpose the exercitant is furnished with very complicated directions as to how, when, and where to examine himself, to confess, to pray, to meditate. The exercise is to be prolonged till the end is accomplished. At the conclusion of the task, we are told, "the past is remedied;" but the question presents itself, "What is to be done for the future? A rule to guide us, an example to encourage us, high motives to animate us, are now wanting; and the three following weeks secure us these." Thus, the second proposes the life of CHRIST as a model, and furnishing as subjects for meditation, accompanied by prayer, &c. the principal incidents in our Saviour's mortal career. The subject of the third week is the Passion and Cross of CHRIST, that in the words of Bishop NEWMAN,—"Having desired and tried to be like CHRIST in action, we are brought to wish and endeavour to be like unto him in suffering." In the fourth, we are to contemplate our Lord as triumphant over death and the grave. Besides "The Weeks," the Exercises

contain rules for prayer, for the discerning of spirits, for the choice of a state of life, for the distribution of alms, for the perception or distinguishing of scruples, and for thinking with the "Orthodox Church." Ere we proceed to extract from the Exercises, we must, however, inform our readers, in the words of the Divine above quoted, that their

Apparent wants are supplied by one essential element of a spiritual retreat (for so the Exercises reduced to action are popularly called)—direction. In the Catholic Church, no one is ever allowed to trust himself in spiritual matters. The Sovereign Pontiff is obliged to submit himself to the direction of another in whatever concerns his own soul.

And, again—

If left to individual application, they (the Exercises) will only lead the soul into a maze of perplexities and bewilderment; and, deprived of their adjusting power, direction, give rise to sadness and discouragement, or presumption and self-will.

The following is styled

#### THE BEGINNING OR FOUNDATION.

Man was created for this end, that he might praise and reverence the Lord his God, and, serving Him, at length be saved. But the other things which are placed on the earth were created for man's sake, that they might assist him in pursuing the end of his creation; whence it follows that they are to be used or abstained from in proportion as they profit or hinder him in attaining that end. Wherefore we ought to be indifferent to all created things in so far as they are subject to the liberty of our will, and not prohibited, so that to the best of our power we seek not health more than sickness, nor prefer riches to poverty, honour to contempt, a long life to a short one. But it is fitting out of all to choose only those things which lead to the end.

#### CONCERNING DEEDS.

Placing before one's eyes the Ten Commandments of God, with the precepts of the Church, and the direction of those in authority, or superiors, we must account that whatever is done contrary to any of these is a sin, lighter however, or more grievous, according to the different ways of sinning, and the different habits of those who sin. Now we consider as belonging to the directions of superiors, the Bulls or Indults of the Popes, which are accustomed to be granted or promulgated for the expulsion of unbelievers or the peace of Christians; by which Christ's faithful people are invited to confession of sins, and the reception of the Holy Eucharist. For indeed he sins not lightly, whoever dares to despise and transgress such pious exhortations and appointments of the rulers of the Church.

#### A PRELUDE TOWARDS MAKING THE ELECTION.

In order to choose any thing well, it is our duty with a pure and single eye to consider for what purpose we were created, namely, for the praise of God, and our own salvation. Wherefore those things alone are to be chosen which conduce to this end; since in all cases the means ought to be subordinate to the end, not the end to the means. Whence they err who determine first to marry a wife, or take an ecclesiastical office or benefice, and then afterwards serve God, reversing the use of the end and the means, and not going straight to God, but obliquely, endeavouring to draw him over to their own perverse desires. But the way to act is the direct contrary,—to set before us first the service of God as our end, and then to choose marriage or the priesthood, as well as all other things, so far as it is expedient, they being ordered towards the end previously determined on. Nothing, therefore, ought to move us to use or abstain from any means, except after a resolute consideration in the first instance, as well of the praise of God as of our own salvation.

We select one or two of the

#### RULES TO BE OBSERVED,

In order that we may think with the orthodox Church,—The first, removing all judgment of one's

own, one must always keep one's mind prepared and ready to obey the true Spouse of Christ, and our Holy Mother, which is the Orthodox, Catholic, and Hierarchical Church.

The fourth, to praise very much the Orders of Religion, and set celibacy or virginity before marriage.

The fifth, to approve the vows of Religion concerning the observance of chastity, poverty, and perpetual obedience, with the other works of perfection and supererogation. And here it must be noted in passing, since a vow relates to those things which lead more nearly to the perfection of the Christian life, concerning other things, which rather turn away from the same perfection, as concerning traffic or matrimony, a vow is never to be made.

The sixth, to praise, moreover, relics, the veneration and invocation of saints; also, the stations, and pious pilgrimages, indulgences, jubilees, the candles accustomed to be lighted in churches, and the other helps to piety and devotion.

The tenth, also to approve zealously the decrees, mandates, traditions, rites, and manners (lives) of the fathers or superiors. And although there be not found everywhere the integrity of manner (life) which there ought to be; yet, if any one in a public sermon, or in intercourse with the people, speaks against them, he rather causes mischief and scandal than furnishes any remedy or advantage, the only consequence being the exasperation and murmuring of the people against their rulers and pastors. We must abstain, therefore, from invectives of this kind. Yet, as on the one hand it is mischievous to attack and revile to the people those in authority while absent, so, on the other hand, to admonish privately those who, if they will, can remedy this evil, seems worth the while.

The thirteenth; finally, that we may be altogether of the same mind, and in conformity with the Church herself, if she shall have defined anything to be black which to our eyes appears to be white, we ought in like manner to pronounce it to be white. For we must undoubtedly believe that the Spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Spirit of the Orthodox Church, his Spouse, by which Spirit we are governed and directed to salvation, is the same; and that the God who of old delivered the precepts of the Decalogue is the same who now instructs and governs the Hierarchical Church.

We conclude with the following :—

For of this let every one be persuaded, that the measure of his advance in things spiritual will be the measure of his withdrawal from the love of himself, and from attachment to his own advantage.

To this we would add, that it must depend upon what attachment he substitutes for that to "his own advantage."

*Endeavours after a Christian Life. Discourses*, by JAMES MARTINEAU. In 2 vols. Second Edition. London, 1847. J. Chapman.

#### [SECOND NOTICE.]

OUR author contends, in a discourse entitled "The Kingdom of God within us," that the use of institutional and political change is rather to check evil than to produce positive good; to prevent an injurious variance between the mind of a people and its ways, and leave room for the unembarrassed operation of all active causes of improvement that may spread from the centres of private life. Hence we must not be disappointed that the immediate apparent results are not greater. Revolutions are really wrought by the spread of ideas, and not by the change of laws or institutions. He illustrates this by the following eloquent sketch of

#### THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

For an example we need only turn to the grandest of revolutions, the travels and triumphs of Christianity itself. We do injustice to the gospel, and gratuitously lessen the wonder of its spread,

when we speak of it as a *system*, deliberately projecting the downfall of the existing order of things, and urged on mainly by the physical power or intellectual persuasion of miracle. No comprehensive scheme of policy, no continuous plan, no study of effect, however benevolent, can be traced in our Lord's ministry. These ingenuities are the necessary resort of our feeble minds, which have to adapt themselves with nicety to foreign causes, to conciliate events instead of commanding them, to accumulate power by making each step contribute something to the next. But where there is an exuberance of strength, and every moment is in itself equal to the demand made upon it, the soul may retain its divine freedom, unchained by the successive links of preconceived arrangement. Art and strategy constitute the wisdom of those whose ends must be gained *against* the wills of others; but are misplaced in those who act *upon* and *by* their loving and consenting mind. There is a wisdom of the understanding, arising from *foresight*, which demands policy; there is a higher wisdom of the soul, derived from *insight*, which dispenses with it. To discern "that which is before and after" has been pronounced the great *human* prerogative: but to see clearly that which is *within* is the *divine*. And this was Christ's; the source of that majestic power by which, as the hierophant and interpreter of the godlike in the soul, he uttered everlasting oracles. He penetrated through the film to the inner mystery and silence of our nature: and when he spake, an instant music,—as of a minster-organ touched by spirits at midnight,—thrilled and made a low chant within. O when speech is given to a soul holy and true as his, Time, and its dome of ages, becomes as a mighty whispering gallery, round which the imprisoned utterance runs and reverberates for ever. His awful vows in the wilderness, the mournful breathings of Olivet, the mellow voice that led the hymn at the Last Supper, the faint cries of Calvary, the solemn assurance that heaven and God dwell in us,—do they not ring and vibrate in our hearts unto this day? It was not chiefly the force of external miracle on the convictions, not the logical persuasion of his mere authority, not even the soundness and reasonableness of his doctrine, that gave to his religion its penetrative power; but the mind itself, of which his life and discourse were but the symbol and expression. The clearness and beauty with which he revealed that portion of the Deity that may dwell in man, and by action as well as words proved the reality of holiness, cast to the winds the doubts that hung as foul mists around all that was divine, and drew it forth from the world's background of night in colours soft as the rainbow, yet intense as the sun. Had the soul of Christ been different, in vain would all external endowments of verbal truth and physical omnipotence have been accumulated on him. It was that spirit within,—the impersonation of heavenly love and light,—that retained around him by unconscious attraction the little band of simple men, to whom it was "the Father's good pleasure to give" this "kingdom"—this transcendent dominion over the human heart. It was this that imparted to them their best inspiration, and made them missionaries and martyrs; that followed them like an unearthly vision through life, in persecution and peril giving them "that very hour what they ought to say;" in temptation and conflict coming as "an angel to strengthen" them; in prison and in bonds, enabling them to say, "but none of these things move us." Here was one of God's great powers abroad among men, which it was impossible should die. True, the world's heart seemed old and withered: the more perhaps would the new element spread, like a fire bursting in the heart of a forest dry and dead. Soon, in the dark and unvisited recesses of many an ancient city, there lurked a living point of faith; perceptible at first only in the altered countenance of the Jew, whose lip no longer curled in scorn, and whose pride was turned to mercy; or in the opened brow of the slave, from whom abjectness seemed chased away; or in the murmurs of happy prayer, that strayed from some wretched cabin into the street, mingling there with the traffic, the revelry, [the curse. This was the faith which was to

tread the earth with royalty so great; precisely, be it observed, because it thus began its march, conquering each individual heart that came nearest to its reach, and leaving there a garrison of truth and love, before passing on to newer victories. Thus, before the holiness of Christ, which was and is the supreme energy of the gospel, the craft of hierarchies, and the force of governments, and the inertia of a massive civilisation, gave way. And while thousands of state-projects on the vastest scale have been conceived, executed, and forgotten; while on the field of history the repeated tramp of armies has been heard to approach, to pass by, to die away; while the noisy shifting of nations, and the shriek of revolutions, have gone up from earth to heaven, and left silence once more behind,—this meek power triumphs over all; speaking with a persuasion which no vicissitudes of language can render obsolete, and throughout the ever-varying abodes of humanity singing its sweet songs to our heavy hearts.

Here is a striking and original remark on

#### FAITH AND KNOWLEDGE.

The Reformation can never be properly understood so long as it is looked at either in the light of a change of doctrines, or a publication of the right of the intellect to free inquiry. It was, essentially, a substitution of individual faith for sacerdotal reliance—of personal religion for ecclesiastical obedience. The same spirit, in a less healthy form, reappeared, to reproduce the same phenomena, when Methodism arose, and diffused itself with gradual but triumphant power from the earnest souls of the Wesleys. In all these instances, the regenerative influence commences its action with the great mass of the people: for it is an apparent law of Providence, that while in society *knowledge descends*, *faiths ascend*: while science, doubt, opinion, all ideas of the understanding, gravitate from the few to the many; affections, convictions, truths of the conscience and the heart, rise from the many to the few.

How beautiful and how true is this picture of

#### THE RELIGION OF SORROW.

When the great Father, in his everlasting watch, paces his daily and nightly rounds, and through these lower mansions of his house gathers in the offered desires of his children, *where*, think you, does he hear the tones of deepest love, and see on the uplifted face the light of most heartfelt gratitude? Not where his gifts are most profuse, but where they seem most meagre; not where the suppliant's worship glides forth from the cushion of luxury, through lips satiated with plenty, and rounded by health; not within the halls of successful ambition, or even the dwellings of unbroken domestic peace; but where the outcast, flying from persecution, kneels in the evening upon the rock whereon he sleeps; at the fresh grave, where, as the earth is opened, Heaven in answer opens too; by the pillow of the wasted sufferer, where the sunken eye, denied sleep, converses with a silent star, and the hollow voice enumerates in low prayer the scanty list of comforts, and shortened tale of hopes. Genial, almost to miracle, is the soil of sorrow; wherein the smallest seed of love, timely falling, becometh a tree, in whose foliage the birds of blessed song lodge and sing unceasingly. And the doubts of God's goodness, whence are they? Rarely from the weary and over-burdened, from those broken in the practical service of grief and toil; but from theoretic students at ease in their closets of meditation, treated themselves most gently by that legislation of the universe which they criticise with a melancholy so profound.

In another discourse Mr. MARTINEAU opens with this assertion.

#### RELIGION NECESSARY TO SOCIETY.

Society becomes possible only through religion. Men might be gregarious without it, but not social. Instinct, which unites them in detail, prevents their wider combination. Intellect affords light to shew the elements of union, but no heat to give them

crystalline form. Self-will is prevailingly a repulsive power, and often disintegrates the most solid of human masses. Even the moral sentiment, so far as it recognises man as supreme, and simply tries to make a prudent adjustment of his vehement forces, can produce among a multitude only an unstable equilibrium, liable every moment to be subverted by the ever-shifting gravitation of the passions. Some sense of a Divine presence, some consciousness of a higher law, some pressure of a solemn necessity, will be found to have preceded the organisation of every human community, and to have gone out and perished before its death. There is great significance in the tradition which, in every people of apparently aboriginal civilisation, attributes an *inspired* character to their first law-giver, and pronounces their subjection to moral order,—a task which only the force of Heaven could achieve. They only whose voice could reach the sleeping tones of worship in the hearts of men, and awaken some deep faith and allegiance, could so deal with their wild nature as to chain the savage passions, and set free the nobler will. And although, in old societies, the innumerable fibres of government, of usage, of established ideas, supply a thousand secondary bonds, which *seem* to make the mighty growth secure as the forest oak, yet all this system of roots has, I believe, its secret nutriment from the devout elements of a nation's mind: and if these should dry up in any arctic chill of doubt, or be poisoned by any epicurean rot of indulgence, it would silently decay within the soil, and leave the fairest tree of history, first with a sickening foliage, and soon with a perished life. The most compact and gigantic machinery of society—as experience shews—falls to pieces, wherever religious and moral scepticism, by paralyzing faith and heroism and hope, has cut off the supply of spiritual power.

We conclude with a passage from one of the most beautiful of these discourses. It is long; but our readers will not complain of its length when they have reached the close, but rather regret that it is not longer. First we must take

#### THE MEMORY OF THE OLD.

And in the two most marked characteristics of old age,—the obtuseness of immediate perception, and freshness of remote memories,—may we not even discern an obvious intimation of the great future, and a fitting preparative for its approach? The senses become callous and decline, verging gently to the extinction which awaits them, and in their darkness permitting the mild lustre of wisdom and of faith—if it be there—to shine forth and glow; and if not, to shew in what a night the soul dwells without them. And that the mind should betake itself, ere it departs, with such exclusive attachment to the past, is surely suitable to its position. True, the enthusiastic devotion of an awed spectator, standing near to say farewell, naturally takes the opposite direction, and steals before the pilgrim to his home, and wonders that the old man's talk can linger so around things gone by. But is it not that already the thoughts fall into the order of judgment, and practise the incipient meditations of heaven? In that world of which we have no experience, we can at first have no anticipation: and in the place whither we go for retribution, we must begin with retrospect. All things and thoughts, all passions and pursuits, must live again; stricken memory cannot withhold them: there is a divination of conscience, at which their ghosts must rise, to haunt or bless us. And when the old man incessantly reverts to years that had receded into the far distance, and finds scenes that had appeared to vanish come back even from his boyhood, and stand around him with preternatural distinctness, when ancient snatches of life's melodies thrill through his dreams, and the faces of early friends look in upon him often, the preparation is significant. He is gathering his witnesses together, making ready the theatre of trial, and collecting the audience for judgment. These are they that were with him in his manifold temptations, and can tell him of his victory or his fall; that exercised such spirit of duty as was in him: whom his selfish-



ness injured, or his fidelity blessed. Remembrance has broken the seals of its tombs; its sainted dead come forth at the trumpet of God within the soul, and declare the tribunal set.

And this is the final lesson—the great moral:—

#### THE CHRISTIANITY OF OLD AGE.

With emotions, then, far different from the meanness of animal compassion, and the coldness of doubt, does the spirit of Christ teach the world to look on age. The veneration for it which our religion inspires, comes not from the past alone, but rather from the future. In any view, indeed, the long-travelled and experienced mortal, in whose mind are the only pictures of many scenes effaced, and time's landscape in rare perspective, must be regarded with strong interest. If life were but a brief reality, that fleetly passed into a shadow and nothingness, the point of vanishing would not be without its solemn grandeur. But with how profound a reverence must we look on its last stage, as entering the margin of God's eternity; as the landmark of earth's boundary-ocean, fanned already by the winds, and feeling the spray, of the infinite!

Nor are the feelings less humanizing and holy with which Christianity teaches the aged disciple to regard the world and himself. He leaves it,—if he be a disciple,—not with censoriousness, but with faith; knowing that, with all its generations, the earth, as well as his own mind, is a thing young in the years of eternal Providence. He has too large a vision to be readily cast down about its prospects. If its social changes are not to his desire, if that for which he battled as for the true and good seems even to be retreating from his hopes, and questionable novelties to be deceiving the hearts of men,—yet he sinks without despair, and waves, as he retires, a cheerful and affectionate adieu. He has too vivid a sense of the brevity of a human life to despond at any vicissitudes that may occur, any tendencies that may disclose themselves, within such space. He freely blesses God, that when, from its altered ways, the world has become no longer congenial to him, he is permitted to leave it; and he can rejoice that those who remain behind behold it with different eyes: for he recognizes and admires God's law, that those who are to live in the world shall not be out of love with it. From the mental station which he occupies it certainly seems as if twilight were gathering fast and leading on the night: and so for two things he is thankful;—that the vesper-bell flings its note upon his ear, and calls him to prayer and rest; and that on others of his race, who gaze into the heavens from a different point, the morning seems to be rising, and its fresh breeze to be up, and the matin rings its summons:—for always there must be prayer; only at dawn it leads to labour, and at eve to rest. Nor does he leave the world which has been his locality so long, as a scene in which he has no further interest. Possibly, even, its future changes may not be hidden from his view: and at all events his sympathies dwell and will dwell there still: and all that most truly constitutes his being, the work he has done, the wills he has moved, the loving thoughts he has awakened, remain behind, enter the great structure of human existence, and share its perpetuity.

These extracts will speak for themselves. We will not mar their effect by adding another word.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Literary and Historical Memorials of London.*  
By J. HENEAGE JESSE. In 2 vols. London, 1847.

The literary journals are very whimsical. Sometimes, as if by an agreement, they lift up a chorus of praise over a book of small worth, and sometimes, with an equally unaccountable unanimity, they fall upon a book of respectable, or even more than respectable pretensions, and tear it to pieces with a savage delirium that would almost suggest the influence

rather of personal spite than of critical hostility. The secret of this phenomenon we have been unable to penetrate, and, as an independent journal, we are not admitted behind the scenes. Whether the applause and the abuse so equally undeserved be offered to publisher or author, is a problem worth the solving, if any could suggest the means.

One of these wonderful unanimities has been exhibited in the instance of the two volumes upon our table, for which we have been indebted to a circulating library, so that our judgment cannot be charged with a bias produced by any attentions of author or publisher; on the contrary, even the customary compliment of a copy for review has been omitted to be made to us, and therefore we can have no undue prejudice in favour of any person connected with it. Yet are we bound to say that it is far from deserving the strictures passed upon it by our contemporaries. It is an extremely amusing work, abounding in curious research, pleasant anecdote, historical lore, scraps from correspondence, and the ana of court gossip, put together with the skill of a practised book-maker. The charge against it is, we believe, that it is not original; that paste and scissors have supplied the larger portion of the contents. Probably it is so. But does it profess to be otherwise? Does Mr. JESSE pretend to do more than put together the materials he has gathered by industrious research among the shelves of the British Museum. It is avowedly a collection of Memorials, not a formal history. Why, then, should the author be abused for not doing that which he never proposed to do, and has not professed to have done?

Reading as Mr. JESSE intended it should be read, we have been very much pleased with it, and we have gleaned, too, no small amount of information from its pages. To attempt an analysis of it would be a task beyond our leisure or space; nor is it a book to be so reviewed. The literary journalist can best exhibit the style of its contents by copiously taking from its pages, so abounding in material for such notices as it is the province of such a journal as this to give of new books; and we shall glean here and there as the fancy takes us.

Let us first stroll with Mr. JESSE to Westminster, of which he says, "Fashion—or rather an entire change in the rank and character of its inhabitants—has revolutionised the aspect of the streets of Westminster far more than time. It was only yesterday that the author made a pilgrimage through its confined streets and dingy alleys, and, with one single exception, he found every street which he was in search of bearing the same name by which it was distinguished two centuries ago. MILTON, SPENSER, HERRICK, BEN JONSON, DAVENANT, DORSET—with how many of the greatest or the sweetest of our national poets are those streets associated? To the author, the most pleasing part of his labours, in composing the present work, has been to search out the haunts—and they generally comprise the calamities—of departed genius."

In 1708, King-street was described as "the most spacious street and principal for trade in Westminster." SPENSER died there. It was the residence of THOMAS CAREW, and the poet Earl of DORSET. And here, too, dwelt Mrs. OLDFIELD, the actress, of whom we find the following account:—

#### MRS. OLDFIELD.

She was the daughter of a Captain Oldfield, who held a commission in the Life Guards, whose extravagance having reduced his widow to a state of extreme penury, the latter was compelled to seek an asylum in the house of her sister, Mrs. Voss,

who kept the Mitre Tavern in St. James's Market, and who was apparently the Mrs. Voss, once well known as the mistress of Sir Godfrey Kneller. In consequence of her reduced circumstances, Mrs. Oldfield was compelled to apprentice her beautiful daughter to Mrs. Wotton, a sempstress in King-street, from whom she occasionally obtained permission to visit her mother and aunt in St. James's Market. The great enjoyment of the young girl was in reading plays, and she was one day entertaining her relations at the Mitre with reading aloud to them, when the musical sweetness of her voice caught the ear of the celebrated dramatic writer, George Farquhar, who happened to be dining at the tavern, and who, after listening at the door for a few moments, entered the apartment. Struck with her surpassing grace and beauty, and the peculiar talent which she displayed for the stage, Farquhar, in conjunction with Sir John Vanbrugh, introduced her to Rich, the patentee of Drury-lane, and at the age of sixteen she made her appearance in public as *Candiope*, in Dryden's play of *Secret Love*, with a salary of 15s. a week! It was at a time extremely favourable for the *débüt* of a young actress. Mrs. Cross had just eloped from the theatre with a gay baronet. Mrs. Vanbrugh had recently died in childbirth, and Mrs. Barry and Mr. Bracegirdle had just retired from the stage. Miss Oldfield subsequently performed the character of *Lady Surewell* in Farquhar's comedy of the *Constant Couple*, in which she was so successful that the play had a run of fifty-one nights. By this time she had grown so much in favour with the public, that we are told Rich increased her salary to 20s. per week! Nor does it seem that this charming actress ever received more than 300 guineas a year,—exactly the amount of what a modern actress has recently had the modesty to ask for performing three nights! Walpole, speaking of her performance of *Lady Betty Modish* in the *Careless Husband*, observes, "Had her birth placed her in a higher rank of life, she had certainly appeared in reality what in this play she only excellently acted—an agreeable gay woman of quality, a little too conscious of her natural attraction. Women of the first rank might have borrowed some part of her behaviour, without the least diminution of their sense of dignity. The variety of her powers could not be known till she was seen in a variety of characters, which, as fast as they fell to her, she equally excelled in." The young actress had scarcely appeared on the stage, when her wit and beauty captivated the heart of Arthur Maynwaring—celebrated for his literary and personal accomplishments—by whom she had one son, who bore the baptismal and surname of his father, and who, many years afterwards, followed his mother as chief mourner to the grave. Maynwaring dying in 1712, of a cold which he caught in visiting the Duchess of Marlborough at St. Alban's, Mrs. Oldfield shortly afterwards placed herself under the protection of General Charles Churchill, the son of an elder brother of the great Duke of Marlborough.

"None led through youth a gayer life than he,  
Cheerful in converse, smart in repartee;  
Sweet was his night and joyful was his day,  
He dined with Walpole, and with Oldfield lay."

By General Churchill she had also one son, who married Lady Mary Walpole, a natural child of Sir Robert, for whom he obtained the rank of an earl's daughter. Their daughter Mary married Charles, third Earl of Cadogan, by whom she was the mother of the late Lady Emily Wellesley and the present Marchioness of Anglesea. Mrs. Oldfield died on the 23rd of October, 1730, at the age of forty-seven; and, as her life had been distinguished by many virtues, so was her end pious and resigned. Her remains were carried with considerable state to Westminster Abbey, through the street in which she had formerly lived a humble sempstress; her pall was supported by some of the most distinguished men in the country, and the high compliment was paid to her memory of her body being allowed to lie in state in the Jerusalem Chamber. She was buried towards the west end of the south aisle of the Abbey, between the monuments of Craggs and Congreve, near the Consistory Court. After the funeral service had been read, alluding to the circumstance of none of the three having been

ever married, a bystander was indecent enough to throw into the grave a slip of paper, on which the following lines were written in pencil:—

"If penance in the Bishop's court be feared,  
Congreve, and Craggs, and Oldfield will be scared,  
To find that, at the resurrection day,  
They all so near the Consistory lay."

Mrs. Oldfield died possessed of considerable property in money and jewels, besides a valuable collection of medals, statues, and pictures.

Very interesting are the abundant particulars, of which we select a few of the most curious, relating to

#### THE OLD PALACE AT WESTMINSTER.

In 1085 we find William the Conqueror holding his court at Whitsuntide in the palace of Westminster, on which occasion he received the homage of his subjects, and knighted his youngest son, afterwards Henry I. William Rufus held his court here in 1099, and the following year kept the festival of Whitsuntide within the magnificent hall which had recently risen under his auspices. During the reign of Henry I. the Confessor's palace appears to have been the constant residence of that monarch, and of his pious and gentle consort, Matilda, daughter of Malcolm the Third, King of Scotland, and niece to Edward Atheling. During Lent, the good Queen was constantly to be seen issuing from the palace—bare-footed and clothed in a garment of horse-hair—crossing the Old Palace-yard to the "Old Chapter House," where she performed her devotions, and washed the feet of the poor. She died in Westminster Palace, on the 1st of May, 1118, and was buried within the walls of the Chapter House, which had so often been witness to her charities and her piety. Henry III. the successor of King John, made great additions to the palace of the Confessor. During his reign we find numerous notices of his having kept his court and held divers festivals at Westminster. Here especially, in 1235, took place the interesting betrothment of Isabella, the King's sister, to the Emperor Frederick. "In February 1235," writes Matthew Paris, "two ambassadors from the Emperor arrived at Westminster to demand in marriage for their master the Princess Isabella, the King's sister. The King summoned a council of the bishops and great men of the kingdom to consider the proposals of the Emperor; to which, after three days' consultation, a unanimous consent was given. The ambassadors then entreated that they might be permitted to see the Princess. The King sent two confidential messengers for his sister to the Tower of London, where she was kept in vigilant custody; and they most respectfully brought the damsel to Westminster into the presence of her brother. She was in the twenty-first year of her age, exceedingly beautiful, in the flower of youthful virginity, becomingly adorned with royal vestments and accomplishments, and thus she was introduced to the imperial envoys. They, when they had for a while delighted themselves with beholding the virgin, and judged her to be in all things worthy of the imperial bed, confirmed by oath the Emperor's proposal of matrimony, presenting to her, on the part of their master, the wedding-ring. And when they had placed it on her finger, they declared her to be Empress of the Roman empire, exclaiming altogether, "*Vivat, Imperatrix, Vivat!*" In due time the Emperor dispatched the Duke of Louvain and the Archbishop of Cologne, with a suitable train, to escort the fair bride to Germany. They were received by King Henry with all due honours, and, previous to their departure with Isabella, we find the King entertaining them on the 6th of May with great magnificence at Windsor.

EDWARD the FIRST was born here. It was the residence and scene of the debaucheries of the second EDWARD. Here the Black Prince entertained his royal prisoners, the King of France, and the King of Scotland, at the same table. In the reign of HENRY the EIGHTH the palace was nearly destroyed by fire. The only portion of it now remaining is the building used *pro tem.* by the House of Commons and the Painted Chamber, famous for the

series of great historical events its walls have witnessed. Here the Confessor died. Here the early Parliaments were opened by the Normans; here was signed the death-warrant of CHARLES the FIRST; here the bodies of CHATHAM and PITT lay in state. It is now the lobby of the New House of Lords.

Westminster Hall supplies abundant materials. But as being less likely to be familiar to our readers, we prefer Mr. JESSE's account of

#### THE CORONATION OF GEORGE III.

George III. with his consort, Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, was crowned at Westminster, on the 22d of September, 1761; and afterwards sat at his coronation-banquet in the Hall with his young bride, attended by all the formalities and ceremonies which had been dignified by the custom of past ages. And, looking down from one of the galleries, sat one who, in a disguised habit, and with his face half concealed, was no unconcerned spectator of that gorgeous scene. This person was he who, in his youth, had been the idol of the rude and devoted Highlanders who fought their way to Derby with their claymores in 1745; the young hero of Preston Pans and Falkirk, the descendant of a hundred kings; he who, by the right of legitimate descent, and who, but for the bigotry of his grandfather, James the Second, would have sat on the splendid throne which he now saw occupied by the German alien, who was the usurper of his rights. David Hume writes to Sir John Pringle, on the 10th of February, 1773, "What will surprise you, the lord maréchal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it." I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. "Why," says he, "a gentleman told me that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words—'Your royal highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to meet here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least.' What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?"

(To be continued.)

*The Battles of England, interspersed with Narratives and Anecdotes of Naval and Military Exploits, and Tales of the Civil Wars.* London, 1847. Tegg and Co.

THIS is a very attractive volume. Battles are the romance of reality, and always interest even those who, like ourselves, deem war not merely a curse but a crime. The theme is unhappily a fruitful one, and even these closely printed pages fail to exhaust one-half of the material afforded by our annals alone. The plan of the work is excellent. It would appear to have been published at first in a periodical form, and hence the arrangement. The history of some memorable fight is told; then there follows a tale or legend connected with some other great conflict; then a poem suggested by battle; Then anecdotes gleaned in camps, or reminiscences of renowned generals. These materials are made still more attractive by a profusion of spirited woodcuts, which not unsuccessfully realise to the eye the scene described by the historian or the novelist. To those who delight in such themes we can recommend this volume as a fund of excitement and entertainment.

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*Annals and Occurrences of New York City and State in the Olden Time.* By JOHN F. WATSON. Philadelphia, 1846. Henry F. Annors.\* THERE are many things concerning New York not set down in the books; not even in any of the works of the indefatigable Mr. Doggett, of Direc-

\* From the *Literary World*.

tory fame. In the *Annals* before us, amidst much pleasant gossip not new, we have the traditions, the personal recollections of the writer and of his friends, by name, as to local changes and passing events. Such essays, *seguari* (?) *vestigia rerum*, according to the motto on the title-page, are to be kindly received as welcome contributions to the material out of which history is to be written. History, Mr. WATSON does not claim to write, and his modesty shields him from that criticism which a writer of more pretence would provoke.

We are told (page 10), that *Manhattan* is a revealing name, importing, "the place where they all got drunk"—an error copied in almost every book touching the early history of New York. Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT (a high authority on such subjects) gives a very different etymology. "The tradition," says he, "that this island derives its name from the accidental circumstance of the intoxication of the Indians on HUDSON's first visit in 1609, is a sheer inference unsupported by philology. The word for intoxication or dizziness from drink, in the Algonquin, and with a little change in all the cognate dialects, is *Ke-wush-ku-ä-bee*,—the verb to drink, in the same dialects, is *Min-e-kwä*, in the Mohican '*Minahn*,'—words having none of the necessary elements of this compound. The proper aboriginal name of this island was *Mon-a-tun*, sometimes *Mon-a-tun-uk*. *Mon* or *man* is the radix of the adjective *bad*, carrying the various meanings of *violent*, *dangerous*, when applied in compounds. *Ah-tun* is a generic term for channel or stream of running water; *uk* denotes plurality. The meaning then is, 'place of the bad, whirling torrent.' The natives of this island called themselves *Mon-a-tuns*; that is to say, 'People of the whirlpool,' alluding to the most remarkable thing in their neighbourhood, the great whirlpool at Hell Gate."

Would that the beautiful *Mon-a-tun* were once more heard! *Toronto* has supplied a good name to *Little York*; cannot the people of the Isle of the bad, whirling Water have a name of their own too? Must *Big York* be always *New York*?

ROBERT JUE, the mate of the *Half-Moon*, in his journal or log-book of *Hudson's Voyage of Discovery up the North River in 1609*, says:—

Oct. 2.—We saw a very good piece of ground, and hard by it there was a cliff that looked of the colour of white-green, as though it were either a copper or silver mine; and I think it to be one of them, by the trees that grow upon it—for they be all burned, and the other places are green as grass—it is on that side of the river that is called *Mannahatta*.

*Mannahatta* was doubtless the name before a white man had ever landed on these shores, or a single native of the region had an opportunity of getting drunk,—a remarkable contradiction to the received story about the signification of *Mon-a-tun*, and a fact, which taken in connection with the etymology of the word as given by Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT, absolutely puts the question to rest.

It is indeed true that HUDSON and his mate did "determine to try some of the chief men of the country whether they had any treachery in them," by giving them "wine and aqua-vitæ;" but this was done on the 21st of September, at a place the latitude of which is given by HUDSON as 42 deg. 18 min. The spot "where they all got drunk" was therefore somewhere between Hudson and Albany, probably *Kinderhook*, a roystering and jolly region down to this day. HECKEWELDER, for many years a Moravian missionary among the Indians, says that the *Monseys*, a tribe of Delaware, used to call New York "*Laa-pha-wachking*," or, "the place of stringing wampum," which in modern phrase, "the place of making money," continues to be a true description of the spot.

Albany is usually considered the oldest of the Dutch cities; but the researches of Mr. Senator FOLSOM have shewn that in November or December 1613, "there existed on this island four houses and a Dutch governor under the West India Company of Amsterdam," while Albany was not begun before 1615.

There were several Indian villages on *Mon-a-tun* Island. *Sapokanican*, or *Lapinikan*, now Green-



wich village; Naghtonk, now Corlaers' Hook; Warpoes stood in Grand-street, near Centre Market, on the shore of Agieçon, afterwards the *Kolck*, or fresh water; Richmond-hill was called Ishpatena; a hillock at Niblo's bore the name of Ocitoc; Kapsee was the name of the south point of the island now occupied by the Staten Island and South Ferries. The leading thoroughfares of the city from the ancient canoe-place at *Kapsee*, or the Battery, extending north to the Park, and thence to Chatham-square, and the Bowery, and west to Tivoli-gardens, were ancient roads which followed the primary Indian footpaths or trails.

The Dutch, like the French, selected with skilful eye the points of commercial importance in the New World. The island Manhattan was reserved from the first as a place of trade, and they no doubt anticipated upon the Delaware (South River) the great mart which WILLIAM PENN afterwards founded.

The following despatch to the States General describes the purchase of this island from the natives:—

#### High and Mighty Lords—

Yesterday arrived the ship, *The Arms of Amsterdam*. She sailed from the river Mauritius in the New Netherlands on the 23rd September. They report that our folk there are prosperous and live in peace. Their women have borne children there already. They have purchased from the Indians, for the sum of sixty guilders, the island of Manhattan, which is 11,000 morgen large. They have already sowed grain by the middle of May, and reaped by the middle of August. Samples of summer crops have come, such as wheat, rye, barley, oats, buck-wheat, canary seed, beans, and flax.

P. SCHAGEN.

Amsterdam, Nov. 5, 1626.

Twenty-four dollars purchased the whole city and country of New York, two hundred and twenty years ago!

In 1638, tobacco was produced to a considerable extent on New York Island. In 1652, the first public school was established; streets first paved, 1676; in 1677 there were twelve streets, and three hundred and eighty-four houses. In 1711, a slave-market was established in Wall-street; in 1729, thence a foot was given for land on the west side of Broadway near the Battery. The first stage route between New York and Boston was established in 1732—time, fourteen days from city to city. In 1733, a law was passed to preserve the fish in Fresh Water Pond (the *Kolck*), now Centre-street. In 1737, a market-house was built in Broadway opposite Crown, now Liberty-street, and the city contained 1416 houses. In 1745, the first coach (Lady MURRAY's) was driven in New York. When the British evacuated the city, Nov. 25, 1783, the buildings did not extend beyond Murray-street. In 1801, Broadway was ordered to be continued through Thomas Randall's land, near Eighth-street, to meet the Bowery, and the hills levelled and carted into Fresh Water Pond, which was then the northern limit of Broadway, and much beyond the settled parts of the city. Previous to this extension of Broadway, the Bowery was the only entrance into the city, through groves of cedar, to the Bull's-head, now the Bowery Theatre. But we are becoming garrulous.

In undertaking to say something about our city, it is not easy to know where to begin—what points to touch, what to pass over. Dry details we have in numerous forms, in almanacs and manuals enough. Let us look a moment at the surface of the island we have to cover with dwellings. The hills which we see in the upper wards south of Harlem, are as mole-hills to what our forefathers have dug down. Listen to old ISSACHAR COZZENS discoursing of Bunker's-hill, where Centre Market now stands. "It was," says he "a steep and somewhat pyramidal hill about one hundred feet higher than the present level of Grand-street. On the top stood an old fort, in the centre of which was a well, from whence I have seen water drawn as late as 1800. How often have I, when a boy, stood on the breast-work of this hill, and looked with delight to the south over that beautiful sheet of water, the *Kolck* (where now stand the Halls of Justice or *Tombs*), on the small city with its

few spires and domes! Beyond was seen the bay, with the hills of Staten Island still further in the south; then turning to the west, the noble Hudson, with the Newark mountains in the distance, the farm-houses and country seats of the island, that stupendous work of nature, the Palisades; on the north, and on the east, the high ridge of that fertile plain, Long Island." All this but fifty years ago! "Where St. John's Church now stands," says the same excellent observer, "in the rear of Mr. LISPENARD's place, was the *Cat-fish Pond*, where I have seen catfish."

Under the stone bridge, at the present intersection of the Broadway and Canal-street, flowed a creek, westerly, through a vast swamp, to the Hudson; so large, that a fierce contention was, for a long time, maintained upon the expediency of keeping it always open as a sort of slip or basin for market boats. Better counsels, however, prevailed, and the adjoining hills were dug down to fill the stream and marsh.

The Minetta Water ran along the north side of Potter's Field (now Washington Parade), and crossed the Fifth Avenue, near Sixth-street. So late as 1820, a small colony of muskrats inhabited the Fifth Avenue; and where now stand palaces, was an aquatic region, "creaming and mantling like a standing pond," as in fact it was.

The upper portion of the present city begins to enter upon the rocky regions which occupy the middle of the island. At Harlem again occurs the sandy plain which forms the southern end of the city. Harlem, by the way, was originally, says tradition, intended for the site of the metropolis—New York for a trading point, while the best dwellings were to be at the former. These rocks, which have so perplexed the unfortunate landowners through whose grounds streets are to be cut, have, until very lately, been in bad repute with builders. "North River stone" was a specification in every estimate for a good building. A person working a quarry at Kip's Bay was, for some years, in the practice of getting out large stones for base courses in foundation-walls. At the back of the forge, used for sharpening his drills, he placed a fragment of the rock, which, to his surprise, remained, like asbestos, almost indestructible by fire. The shrewd projectors of the Atlantic Dock made the further discovery that the gneiss of New York could be dressed to a face cheaply; and the result is, the elegant range of stores at South Brooklyn, called *Granite*, but, in reality, nothing more than *York Island Stone*.

We have, therefore, a material for stone-fronts and piers, second only to cast-iron, and perhaps preferable. Sewerage will be made necessary by the general use of baths and water-closets, and the rocks are somewhat in the way of the sewers. Gun cotton, however, cheapens the process of removing stone already, and could a solvent be found, capable of acting upon gneiss as sulphuric acid does upon limestone, the expense would be diminished seven-eighths.

Pavements are not yet made as they should be. The Russ pavement in Broadway is the best we have, and will, in time, extend itself over the main thoroughfares. Wood has been tried and found destructive to horses, and perishable to a proverb. The crossings, of heavy flagstones, are admirable. The grades, as they are termed, of the projected streets and avenues are well considered, and generally good. Taking the middle of the island as a ridge-pole, the water-shed, with few exceptions, is east and west to the rivers. After entering Murray Hill, the railways will be tunnelled, or arched over, like the Long Island road in Atlantic-street, Brooklyn. New squares are reserved; one of which, Hamilton-square, will be far the finest in the city, and will, probably, be the site of the Washington monument, as well as of a new Croton reservoir. Further west, the long talked of arsenal will soon be built, near the old magazine; while the Botanic Garden on Fiftieth-street, founded by Dr. HOSACK, is in time to be the site of Columbia College.

The suburbs of New York, like those of London, Philadelphia, Berlin, and most other large cities, have been accused of being subject to intermittents. The opening of new avenues and streets produces

frequent pools of stagnant water, and these, while drying up, under the August sun, generate malaria enough to create a few cases of ague. The fevers of our island, however, have always been peculiarly mild—a fatal result having been very rare indeed. To consumptives, or those suffering under asthma or bronchitis, this malaria is a specific. They soon breathe without knowing that they have lungs. In 1842, the year of the completion of the Croton aqueduct, much waste water was permitted to run off, and the low grounds, all along the island, were filled. A very unusual number of cases of fever occurred in the summer of 1842; and yet, according to the Report of Dr. GRISCOM, the City Inspector for that year, out of 9,176 deaths, within the city and county, but nineteen persons died of intermittent; ninety of remittent; and 328 from typhus fever, emigrant fever, and fevers of all sorts,—certainly no very alarming mortality. Yet such has been the panic that, at one time, in the pretty village of Harlem, but six miles from the City Hall, land could be bought cheaper than in any hamlet in New England. Houses stood empty. Since 1842, the whole island has been comparatively healthy. Harlem, and all the suburban regions, are swarming with eager "settlers," and will soon be for ever secured against malaria, by the density of the population.

Mr. Senator DIX, in his *Sketch of the Resources of the City of New York*, published anonymously in 1827, has compiled a very accurate table of the progressive movements of population here, which it will be curious to compare with facts. He takes, as the basis of his estimate, "the average rate of increase from the year 1790, to the year 1825." As this period of thirty-five years includes five years of great commercial embarrassment, and five years of almost entire stagnation of trade, the result ought not to be considered exaggerated. This average he finds to be 5.97 per cent, according to which, the population of the city would double in less than seventeen years; and he therefore predicts that the population, in 1842, would be "above 300,000 souls;" "In the year 1859, above 600,000, and in 1876, more than 1,200,000." In 1840, two years before the time he assigns, our census gave 312,852 inhabitants. By a close approximation, the number in 1842 was found to be over 336,000. So remarkable a verification of his theory made it worth while to go over, carefully, the various censuses on record, and, by taking in a greater number of data, to try how far his conclusions have been borne out.

From 1790 to 1820, we have decennial enumerations; according to which, the population will double in nineteen years.

There are, on the island, but 14,000 acres (allowing for the gain to be made from the rivers, by docking out), which afford 168,000 building lots. A great many of these, lying about Kingsbridge and Mount Washington will be passed over, from their inaccessible positions, for a long while after neighbouring spots have been covered. Twenty thousand are to be deducted from the total number, from this cause, and for the public squares and Croton reservoirs, and we have but 148,000. Now it is found, taking in stores, stables, and manufactories, that ten souls to each lot is not far from the density of population at present. We are led, then, to the conclusion that, at the end of thirty-eight years from 1845, or in 1883, the whole island will be covered with buildings, containing a million and a half of souls!

There is a table embracing all the darkest days of New York. Three periods of yellow fever; the war of 1812; the embargo; two seasons of cholera; the financial crisis of 1837; and the diversion from our growth, which steam ferry-boats have made in favour of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh, and railroads in favour of Boston. The benefits of railroads we have yet to reap. The ungathered wealth of the southern counties, by the Erie; the trade of the west and north, all winter long, by the Hudson river road, and perhaps most valuable of all, the New Haven road, by which all New England will come "down to town" to see the sights, and buy silks at Stewart's, open to us new elements of thrift, which the table does not embrace. The

effects of railroads upon London have been striking. From a million and a half, that already vast metropolis has swollen, within twelve years, under the stimulus of the railways which centre there, to a multitude which no man can easily number. London is said now to contain over 2,200,000 people. Will not the same causes produce the same effects here? Then, too, we are about to become the centre of a grand system of steamers, which will arrive and depart weekly, to every part of the New World as well as the Old. Tardy France has at last ordered some of her war-steamers to undertake the service which private enterprise, in that wordy country, could not accomplish. England is quadrupling the number of her mail-steamers, and has very properly selected New York as a point of departure, while our excellent Uncle Sam is at last convinced that money is to be made by steamships, and is producing craft which will completely distance competition. In a few years a steamship, and an American one, too, will be as common a sight as a steamboat. Who, then, can overrate the future greatness, humanly speaking, of MON-A-TUN?

## ART.

## TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE bronze statue of Huskisson has been placed on its pedestal in front of the Custom House at Liverpool. The proceeding was a very private one, and, although Sir Robert Peel was in the town, he did not make it an occasion for attendance.—In consequence of the serious injuries which Mr. Wyon received in the recent accident on the Brighton Railway, the issue of the two-shilling piece is likely to be delayed longer than was expected. The new five-shilling piece (Mr. Wyon's masterpiece) will never pass into circulation, in consequence of the trifling expense occasioned by the extra working, which the Company of "Moneyers," as they are called, who farm the working of the Mint, resist, because it lessens their profits a pound or two. A proof of the five-shilling piece (with the edge unmilld) sells for a guinea, and cannot now be had even at that price.—The marble statue of the late Sir R. Sale, G.C.B. the "Hero of Cabul and Afghanistan," has been deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral.—Most of our readers who give attention to the progress of art in this country will bear in pleasurable recollection a beautiful picture entitled "Courtship," exhibited at the British Institution last season, from the easel of Mr. J. Phillip, a young artist from Scotland, of rapidly-advancing celebrity. This production promises to acquire additional popularity from an engraving of it by Mr. T. O. Barlow, another young artist of provincial fame, and whose high talents are already justly appreciated in the metropolis. Mr. Barlow has just completed the etching, and is now directing his attention to the other details, which are to be in pure line engraving. The print is expected to be finished towards May next. The etching is marked with great fidelity and powerful effect, and gives the hope that the engraving will rank among the brightest gems of British art.—Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert have lately commanded Mr. Cundall, the publisher, to attend at Windsor with all the specimens of Felix Summerly's Art Manufactures which are ready, and have become purchasers of every important example of the series.—M. Minasi has just finished a pen and ink drawing of Shakspeare, which he is about to submit to the approbation of her Majesty the Queen. He has been successful in copying the received portrait of the poet, and he has preserved the expression of the countenance with accuracy. The elevation of the forehead and the brilliancy of the eye are very characteristic. A beautiful vignette representing the street in Stratford-upon-Avon, and the house of the poet is also very correct.—The American Art Union distributed 146 paintings last year. The subscription is five dollars a year.—Mr. Jacob Lehren, the celebrated painter of still life, died at Dusseldorf last week, of a fit of apoplexy at the age of 45. His personal appearance was as remarkable as his minute touch, for he was at most three feet in height, but per-

fectly well proportioned.—Prince Albert has commissioned a young sculptor, Mr. Engell—whose group of "Theseus wounded by Amazons" he had seen when in the clay before it was cast—to execute it for him in marble.

## MUSIC.

## MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE Germans are half mad with delight at the re-appearance of Jenny Lind amongst them. The *Prussian Gazette* says—"Returned from England, covered with renown, the favourite opened her performances on Tuesday as *Marie*, in Donizetti's flimsy but pretty opera *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Her reception was enthusiastic, and Jenny was rewarded for her exertions by unanimous greetings, by repeated calls before the curtain of the most stormy and uproarious character, and by profuse showers of aromatic bouquets."—A little opposition to the fair favourite's popularity is threatened in England. At Liverpool an amateur whose performances are perfectly astounding, has appeared. She is about eleven years of age, and, as a correspondent to a musical journal observes, is "modest, unassuming, and very pretty; but, oh! the melody she poured forth, the soul-feeling purity of tone! I was enraptured; so were the audience; we scarcely breathed. At the end, the burst of applause was enthusiastic and honest; not a soul in the house but joined in it. The house was taken by surprise; it was Jenny Lind again; the same freshness, the same nature. I remembered Jenny Lind's early history; this seemed a realisation of a dream; there stood the child before me; and so beautiful too! Canova would have copied the head. I went a second time, and, if possible, her singing was still better,—the action so varied, yet so graceful. I cannot give you a better proof of the power of this young syren than this fact—I saw the sailors, rough fellows, crying like children near me."—Mr. Rooke, the composer, died on Thursday morning at Fulham. Mr. Rooke was an Irishman, and very soon after his arrival in this country was recognised as an accomplished musician, and appointed to the situation of chorus-master of Drury Lane Theatre, which he retained during many years. In the palmy days of Vauxhall Gardens he directed the music there, and composed many of the most popular songs of that day, which were sung by Miss Love, Miss Tunstall, and Mr. Robinson, and other Vauxhall stars. In 1838 Mr. Rooke was fortunate enough to get a hearing for one of his works—*Amélie*—which came out at Covent-garden when that theatre was managed by Mr. Macready. It was quite successful, and has been since played frequently. Though a man of superior musical acquirements, he was by no means a fortunate one.—Signor Brizzi has been presented with a splendid diamond ring, as a testimony of respect for his talents, by the ladies of Plymouth and its neighbourhood, who have benefited by his instructions.—Relative to our disposition to encourage talented foreigners, a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* caustically, though not altogether truthfully, remarks, that "the Englishman meekly submits to be fleeced, and consents to pay guineas instead of shillings into the hands of the very same people he may hear sing in Italy for one quarter the money. The fever for Jenny Lind has raised the prices to a height that we shall take the liberty of calling scandalous. It is no good argument to state that English people can afford it, and therefore may do it. Money is money: 30*l.* is 30*l.*; and if one man thinks this an inconsiderable price for one single night's entertainment, we candidly confess we wish that some day he may want it. Such money is ill spent; it goes after a certain point only to enrich one singer, who pockets the cash, does not spend it in the country, and sends it perhaps to some bank in a dirty little foreign town."—At the forthcoming musical festival at Norwich it has been resolved to perform a piece of Mendelssohn's. The talented composer has promised to furnish a new production, if time will allow him. If he does not, his *Elijah* is to satisfy.—Madlle. Alboni appeared in Paris last week. "She was received with a shout

of applause that shook the roof of the building for about half-a-dozen seconds, and then died away into silence profounder than before. People feared to breathe, so intense was the anxiety to hear that voice which had instantaneously sung itself into fame at the Royal Italian Opera. Scarcely had Alboni opened her lips, than the whole crowd was in an uproar. A few notes, uttered with seeming unconcern, conquered the hearts and convinced the judgments of the French public, guaranteed the soundness of English taste, and established her own right to be placed among the greatest artistes in the world. It was the quickest triumph ever witnessed, the easiest won, the most thoroughly maintained, and one of the most dazzling and incontestable." Alboni has been engaged for another season at Covent Garden. Her salary is to be greatly increased, and doubtless her talents will be more justly appreciated than heretofore. She has been neglected by the English. But what wonder this, when so many geniuses contemporaneously appeared?

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRICAL CHRONICLE.—Managers and actors are congratulating themselves on the bright prospects that are dawning upon them. While trade is quiet, and manufactures are stopped and speculation is destroyed, boxes fill, and galleries resound with joyous shouts. It passes current in the city that theatres are just now the only truly successful or animating places; and the morose, and the disappointed, and the envious throng thither, and thus swell the tide of silver, and in the general gaiety forget their individual grievances. Drury Lane has been nightly crammed, even to its uppermost nooks and corners. The Lyceum attracts as did the Olympic in Madame VESTRIS's unenamelled days. The Princess's, and the Adelphi, and the suburban, rely confidently upon their several established characters, blessing their stars that they have acquired such.—A notion having gone abroad that there will be no season for French plays at the St. James's Theatre this year, but that this species of amusement will merge into M. JULIEN's undertaking at Drury-lane, it is right to state that Mr. MITCHELL is now making his engagements in Paris, and intends opening the St. James's Theatre as usual.—The likeness believed to exist between Mr. MACREADY and Miss CUSHMAN is, now that they have been brought together, discovered to be rather fancied than real. To be sure there is the fact that neither has an attractive or handsome countenance. This is the only similarity we can discover.—Mr. BOURGCAULT has just published a five-act drama, called *The Willow Copse*, which is to be immediately produced at the Adelphi Theatre.—The unfortunate little Olympic Theatre is still in the market. Seven hundred pounds per annum is a very large rent for any lessee to pay.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE has been redolent of novelty. On Saturday, a farce, entitled *Who's my Husband?* was produced. It was just one of those dubious things which succeed or not, according to the humour or the caprice of its sustaining character. In this case, KELEY was the hero, and a right merry one he made, muttering and symbolising as much of comic display as made the company well pleased with what was, in fact, a production without an atom of merit. Monday brought more serious business—at least for the lessee. A five-act play, from the pen of the author of *The Patrician's Daughter*, had been contemplated with some anxiety. *The Heart and the World* is its title, but in fact it smacked more of poetry and of sentiment than of either of these. *Vivian Temple* is the hero of the plot—an enthusiastic young man. He is desperately in love. Riches overtake him, and fine living, and talking friends half persuade him to forget his engagement, and to fall at the feet of an aristocratic beauty whom his uncle had placed in his way, hoping, from a union of these hopefuls, to reap a harvest for himself. But *Vivian* finds he cannot possess this queen of beauty, and so he magnanimously reverts to his old love, whom he finds as true and as humble as ever. Thus he gets the desire of his heart, and the uncle's worldly desires are also, by a happy chance, quite satisfied. *Florence*, the humble, neglected (Miss



**HELEN FAUCIT**, was the sustaining centre of the piece, which in its language was too high-flown, and in its plot too rapid for even a Haymarket audience. **DRURY LANE**.—**M. JULLIEN**'s concerts continue to attract crowded audiences. On Monday last his Swiss Quadrille was performed for the first time, in which he displays his usual tact and facility of invention, and that happy mingling of the quaint with the elegant and descriptive, so characteristic of all his productions. **Mons. Anglois**, undoubtedly the **PAGININI** of double bass performers, **RICHARDSON** on the flute, and **Miss Dolby**'s sweet warbling, are all nightly encored. Need more be said?

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

#### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

It seems agreed that a new Record Office is to be erected, and that a site on the Rolls' Estate in Chancery-lane will be selected. Time is it that some central dépôt for national documents be obtained. Joke-makers have too long been furnished with matter for their truthful jibes. Business men have been sadly inconvenienced, and the wonder is that they have borne the infliction so patiently. But were it not that great danger attends our present system, we doubt if officials would, even now, stir their courage up to a building point. For two centuries has the question been agitated—and for two centuries have admissions and admonitions been plentifully showered. A strange activity is John Bull's!—Her Majesty, "in consideration of the piety, eloquence, and learning of the late Dr. Chalmers," has granted a pension of 50*l.* a year to his widow, and 25*l.* a year to each of his five daughters. The warrant is dated on the 11th inst. and the payments, "to commence from the 1st of July last," are to be paid in trust to the Rev. Dr. William Hanna.

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